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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 566.—Vol. XXII.

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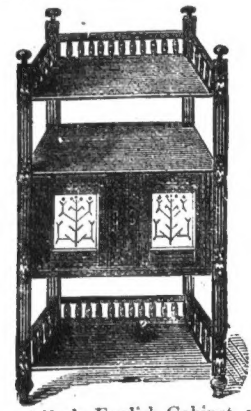
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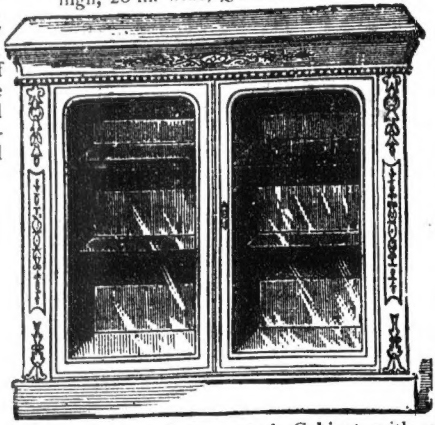


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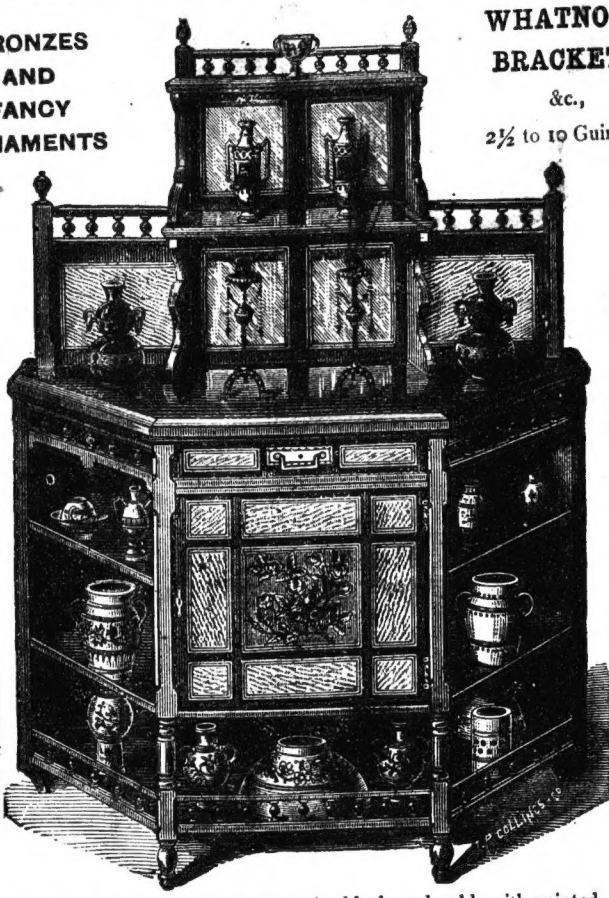
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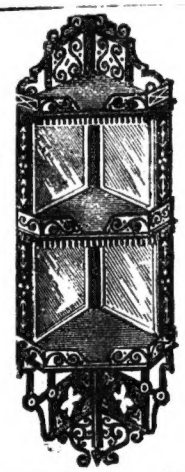


Handsome Early English Cabinet, in black and gold, with painted panel and bevelled glass—
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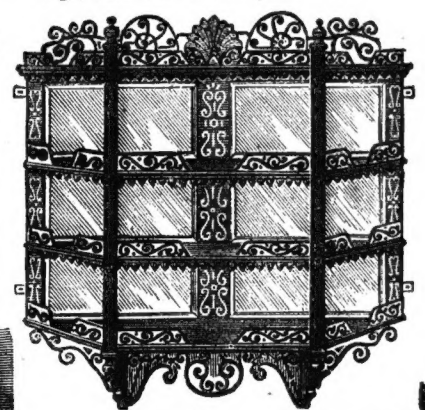
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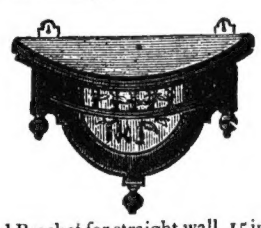
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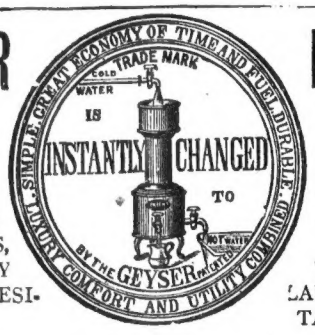


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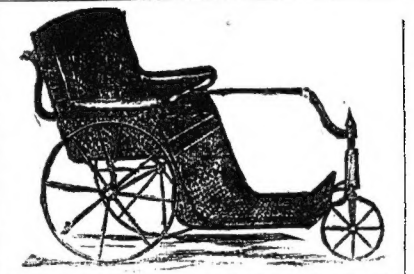
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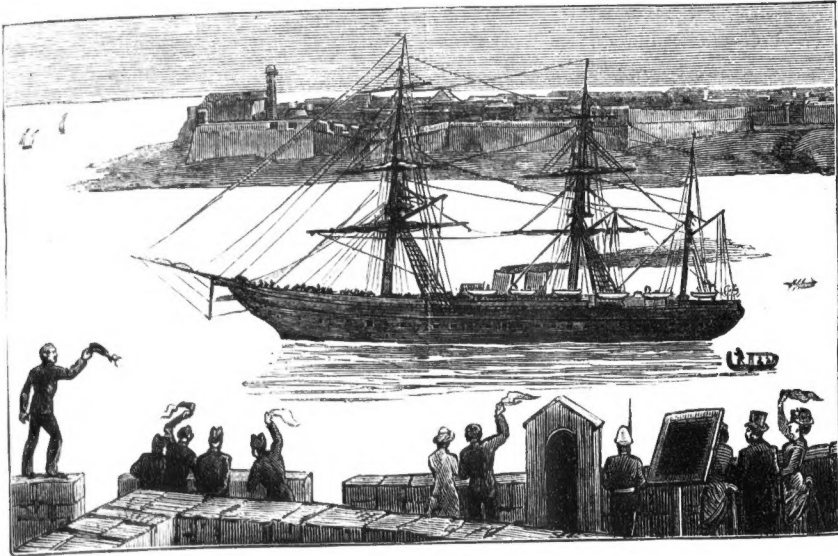
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

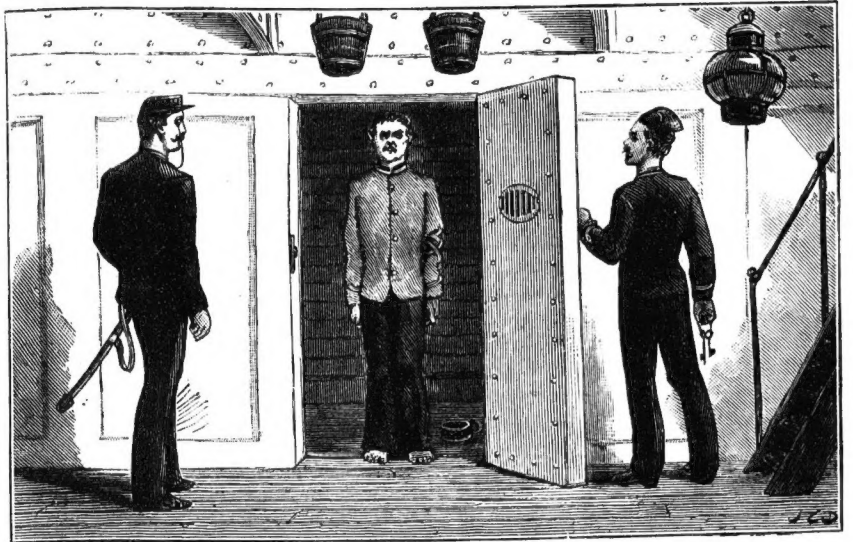
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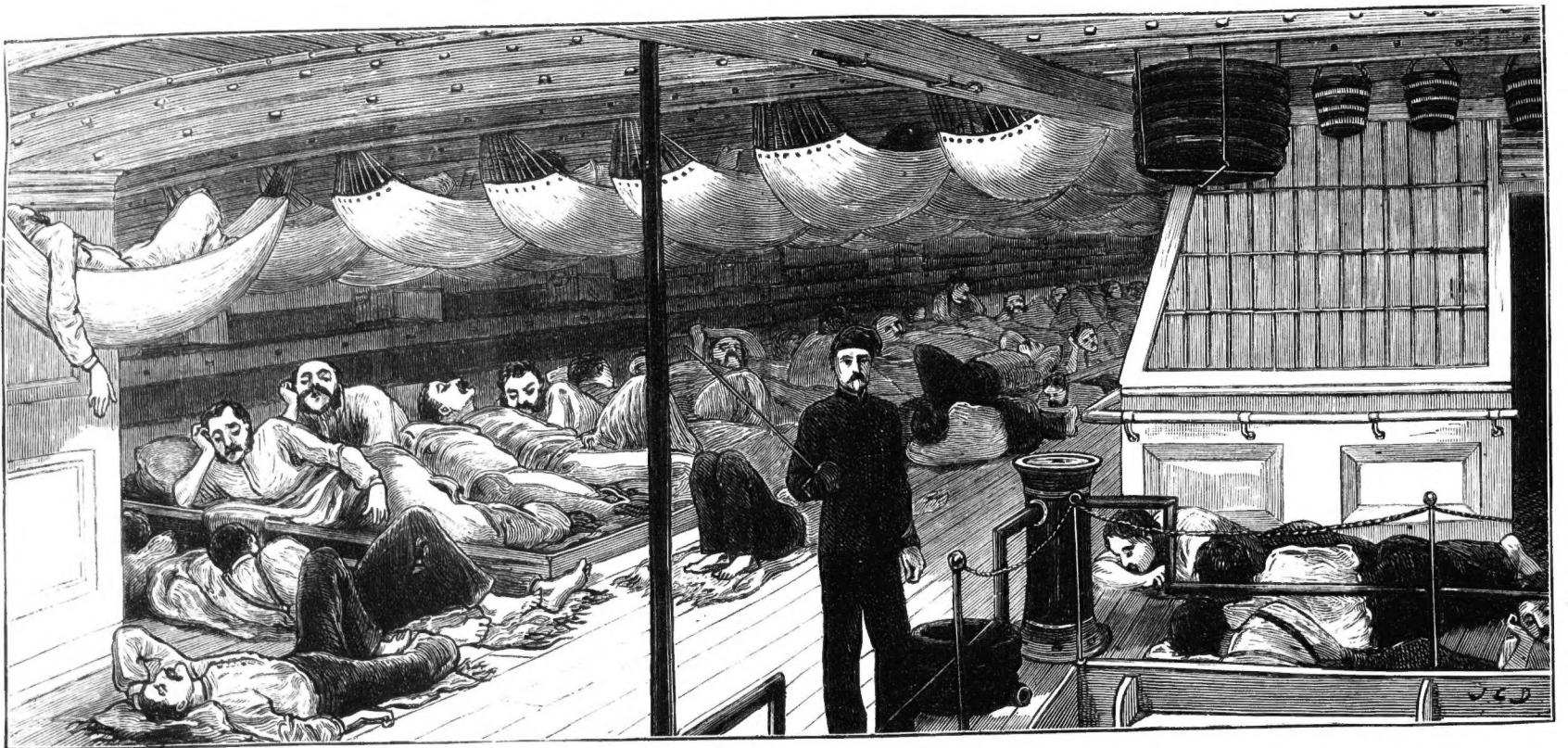
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MIDNIGHT—THE WAY THEY PACK US



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MILITARY LIFE ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP

Topics of the Week

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT AND ITS RESULTS.—The course of events has not justified Mr. Gladstone's sanguine anticipations that the problems of the Eastern Question would be easily solved by means of "the European Concert." He was of opinion that the Porte refused to execute the Berlin Treaty in its integrity merely because the Powers did not act together. But now that the Powers are, in appearance at least, united, the Porte is as obstinate as ever, and flatly declines to give up Dulcigno to Montenegro, except on conditions that are inadmissible. If its territory is attacked by the Montenegrins, it threatens to declare war against them, in which case it would be able to take reprisals which the international fleet would be absolutely powerless to prevent. So far, then, the only result of the European Concert has been to place the Powers on the horns of a very disagreeable dilemma. If they withdraw from the enterprise on which they too rashly entered, they incur humiliation; if they go on with it, they run the risk of kindling a war by which their own safety would be endangered. It is difficult to believe that all the Powers would, under any circumstances, abandon the task they have imposed upon themselves. The British Government at any rate is almost pledged to proceed to extremities; and in doing so it would be cordially supported by Russia. What do the English people think of this prospect? After the experience of the last general election no one is entitled to dogmatise about their opinions; but it would be strange if they approved of going to war for the purpose of handing over a village to the Montenegrins or even of rectifying the Greek frontier.

THE MURDER OF LORD MOUNTMORRES.—The murders with which we are unhappily only too familiar in Great Britain do not inspire any general sense of uneasiness and insecurity, because it is felt that the circumstances under which these crimes are committed are in each case exceptional. But the agrarian murders of Ireland arouse among certain classes universal distrust and terror. Every resident landlord or landlord's agent sees in imagination the weapon which murdered Lord Mountmorres pointed at his own head. The cry echoes in his ears—"My fate to-day may be yours to-morrow." It is easy for philosophical Radicals who own no Irish land, and who live on this side of St. George's Channel, to deprecate panic. But in Ireland the panic is already in existence. It was created by the land agitators (powerfully aided by the folly and weakness of Her Majesty's Ministers), it has been intensified by the murders of Mr. Boyd and Lord Mountmorres. It is no exaggeration to say that over a large part of Ireland a reign of terror prevails, and that, as a Scotch immigrant farmer expressed it, "the revolver is King." When landlords cannot get their rents, and when nobody dares to take a farm from which the previous tenant has been ejected, the business of a country which is chiefly agricultural must be in a sorely disorganised condition. For years past it has been a commonplace of political economists that the chief needs of Ireland are capital and resident proprietors. But what man of business would at the present time invest in Irish land, or reside in a country where he would probably get change for his gold in the form of lead? If the Government believe that by legislation they can improve the condition of the Irish peasantry, they are right in attempting such legislation, but the preservation of law and order is a far more pressing duty. In this matter they have shown a negligence and apathy which can only be explained by the fact that, because their own skulls are not likely to be perforated by the bullets of the agrarian assassin, they fail to realise the risks which a number of their fellow-countrymen run in Ireland. They chose to discard the Peace Preservation Acts, which, at all events, offered a certain amount of protection, as under them compensation could be levied on the townlands where a crime was committed, and the cost of extra police charged to the same account. Add to this, that our Ministers, from a slavish respect for the forms of liberty in a country where true liberty is utterly disregarded, have permitted a set of demagogues to stir an excitable people into a state of revolutionary frenzy. Strong words in Ireland are readily translated into terrible deeds, and, though the connection cannot be absolutely proved, the land-agitators are morally responsible for the murder of Lord Mountmorres.

FRENCH CAUTION.—M. Gambetta seems to be anxious to induce the French people to sanction a vigorous policy in the East. At any rate the *République Française*, which accurately represented his opinions in regard to the execution of the March Decrees, defends the Government for having sent a French squadron to the Adriatic, and urges that, if necessary, it should be directed to act decisively with the vessels of the other Powers. This, however, is not the view of the French people. Nearly every other journal of importance expresses the conviction that it would have been better for France to have nothing to do with the Demonstration; and most of the newspapers would cordially approve of the instant recall of the squadron. The Ministry has been generally praised for forbidding the commander to fire upon the Albanians, and the proceedings of the English Government are watched with increasing suspicion. This prudence is attributed by some Englishmen to selfishness;

but the French themselves insist that it springs from an enlightened conception of their national interests. They know that at the present moment there are many elements of disturbance in Europe; and it is impossible for them to feel certain that if any of these elements were roused into activity France would be uninjured. Against her will she might be dragged into war; and she is not disposed to run so great a risk merely because the Montenegrins think they ought to be masters of a few Albanians who loathe them. Hitherto M. Gambetta has been powerful mainly because he has had the force of public opinion behind him. If he continues to advocate an Eastern policy which is distasteful to the majority of his countrymen, it is possible that he will do more than any of his opponents to undermine his own authority.

RIVER ACCIDENTS.—Considering how small a river the Thames is in proportion to the population living on its banks, and that it is crowded, in one part with pleasure boats, and in another with commercial and passenger vessels, the wonder is that there are not more accidents than there are. With regard to the recent unhappy occurrence at Teddington Weir it is difficult to exonerate the inmates of the boat from a certain degree of recklessness in venturing so near a dangerous place. Above the Falls of Niagara, as everybody knows, there is a point, varying of course with the strength of the current and the resisting force on board the boat, where the stream becomes irresistible, and where a vessel is inevitably carried over the cataract. Now, although Teddington Weir is a Niagara on a very miniature scale, its stream is strong enough to be perilous, as is proved by nine deaths having occurred there within two years. To our minds these casualties do not necessarily indicate negligence on the part of the Thames Conservancy Board. We all know how fond our countrymen, and we may add our countrywomen also, are of getting into places where there appears to be a slight spice of danger. For sufficient reasons, probably, the Board have declined to put a chain across the Weir as suggested, but they will keep a supply of life-buoys at hand. Our chief hope, however, is that the late disaster will render the boating public more cautious. Somebody has recommended that private pleasure boats should be inspected with a view to ascertaining their waterworthiness. We don't think the free-born Englishman will tolerate this sort of interference. Provided the boat is not a hired one, he will, if he so pleases, continue to risk his life and that of his friends in the veriest cockle-shell. Meanwhile, below bridge, we have narrowly escaped a repetition of the *Princess Alice* tragedy. Had not the *Cupid* just before landed her passengers, a number of them would certainly have been drowned when she was run down. Below bridge, of course, the dangers of navigation are enhanced because everything is on a bigger scale, and because fogs are very prevalent. It may be partly due to luck, otherwise we should say that the general skill and carefulness of skippers and helmsmen is proved by the fact that fatal accidents are comparatively rare.

CHURCHMEN AND NONCONFORMISTS.—One of the most agreeable circumstances connected with the Church Congress is the manner in which it has been welcomed to Leicester by the Nonconformists. The leading Dissenters have hospitably opened their doors to the members, who have responded in a cordial spirit to their advances. This is surely a satisfactory indication of the progress which is being made in charity and tolerance. Why Churchmen and Dissenters should have regarded each other with so much bitterness as they once did everywhere, and as they still do in some parts of England, it is not very easy to say. On essential matters of doctrine they do not differ from each other; they only disagree as to the methods of ecclesiastical government. Their mutual dislike was probably based rather on social than on intellectual grounds; and there are a good many signs that these social grounds have begun to give way. This must, at least in part, be attributed to the Nonconformists themselves. During the present generation they have entered upon a new phase of their history, many of their leaders having altogether abandoned the narrow theories which at one time characterised nearly all Dissenting communities. They have come under the influence of the governing thinkers of the time, and strive to encourage the growth of a free intellectual life among their followers. The result is that Churchmen and Nonconformists have now more points of contact than in former times; and it is natural that the fact should reveal itself in the gradual development of friendly relations.

DYNAMITE PLOTS.—It is to be hoped that we are not drifting into the condition of feeling which prevailed when the notorious Titus Oates was paramount during a portion of Charles the Second's reign, and when the air was full of plots and counterplots. In one respect we are worse off than our ancestors, seeing that we possess an explosive agent which was unknown to them, and which is far more terrible than gunpowder. We also know that there are persons villainous enough to use this substance for the destruction of human life, either from motives of private greed, as in the case of Keith *alias* Thomas, who caused the premature explosion at Bremerhaven; or from motives of political hatred, as in the case of the Nihilists' mine on the Moscow Railway. Lately this sort of crime seems to have gained a footing in our own island. The dynamite apparatus found on the

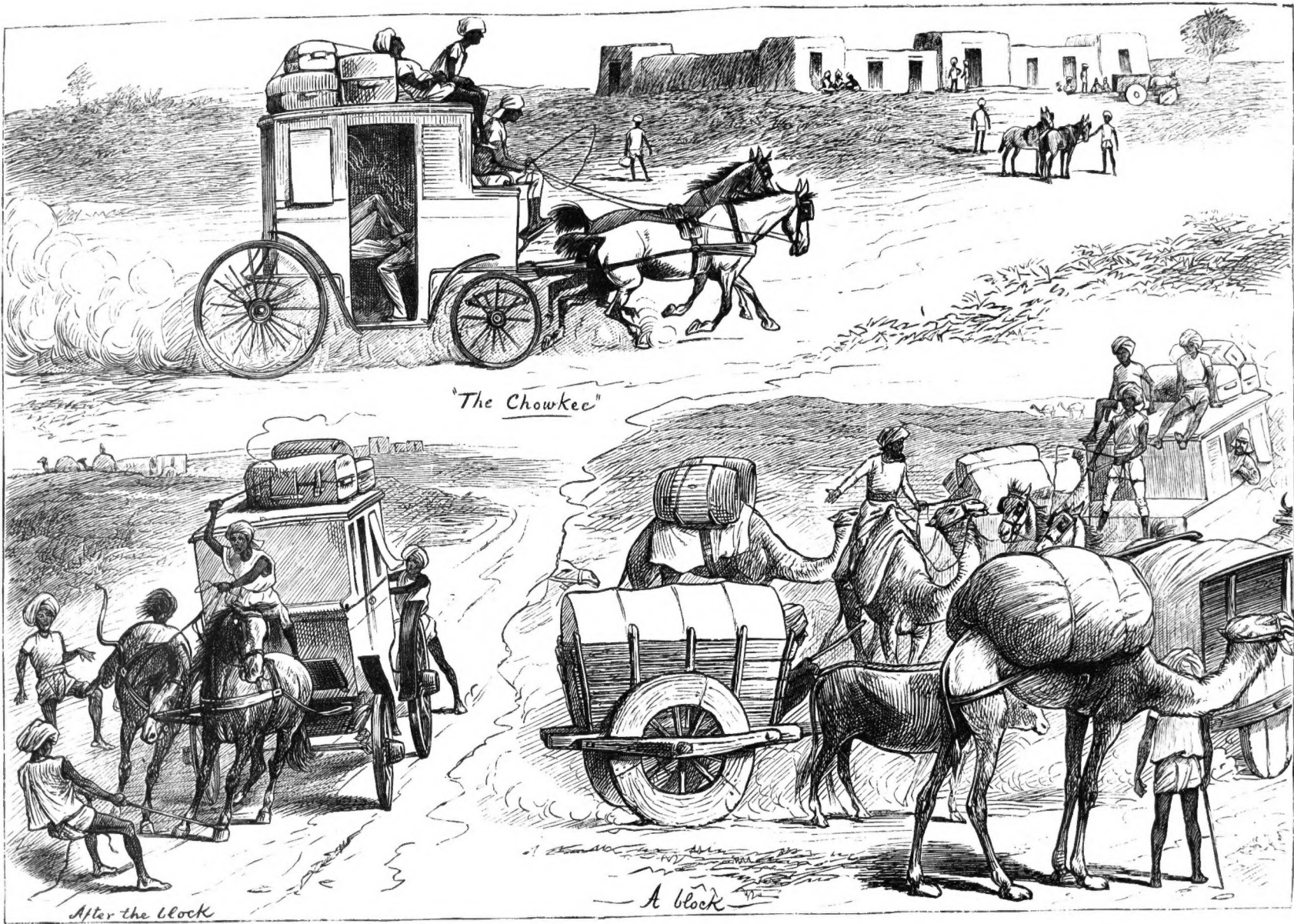
London and North-Western Railway still remains an unpenetrated mystery. Whether it was placed there by Fenians, by Nihilists, by ordinary plunderers, or by persons having a grudge against the Company, it reveals a degree of reckless wickedness in those who planned the scheme which is equally disquieting. Then soon after a respectable woman at Portsmouth makes a circumstantial statement imputing a plot against Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar; and lastly, there is reported a conspiracy at Glasgow to blow up the Imperial Russian yacht *Livadia*, by means of a nitro-glycerine time-piece. These two last stories may prove to be baseless, but, even if they never get beyond the region of rumour, they cause a painful sense of suspicion and insecurity.

OBSTRUCTION.—Lord Sherbrooke's vigorous article in the *Nineteenth Century* has once more drawn attention to the mischief which is likely to be done by Obstructives in Parliament. It cannot be said that he at all exaggerates the extent of the evil. An enormous amount of public time is now wasted for no other purpose than to bring Parliament into contempt, and some of the Irish members do not conceal their intention of developing the tactics which they have lately pursued with so much success. "The Fourth Party" has distinguished itself by indulging in a vast amount of unnecessary talk in order to irritate their opponents; and the progress of business is also hindered by the desire of a large number of ambitious nobodies to impress their constituents by eloquent perorations. The result is that little work is done, and Parliament has few opportunities of listening to the men whose counsels would be of the greatest weight. The remedy advocated by Lord Sherbrooke is the "clôture," and, although this is not likely to find favour for some time, the Government will probably be forced in the end to propose some such scheme. It is certainly unpleasant to seem to interfere with the freedom of debate, but the paralysis of Parliament would be an infinitely greater misfortune. After all, the House of Commons would not be inclined to make rash use of the right to declare a discussion closed. Unless it were to abandon all its traditions, it would never exercise the right while anything remained to be said about any subject which happened to be under consideration. The plan works well in America and France; and there is good reason to anticipate that it would be equally successful in England.

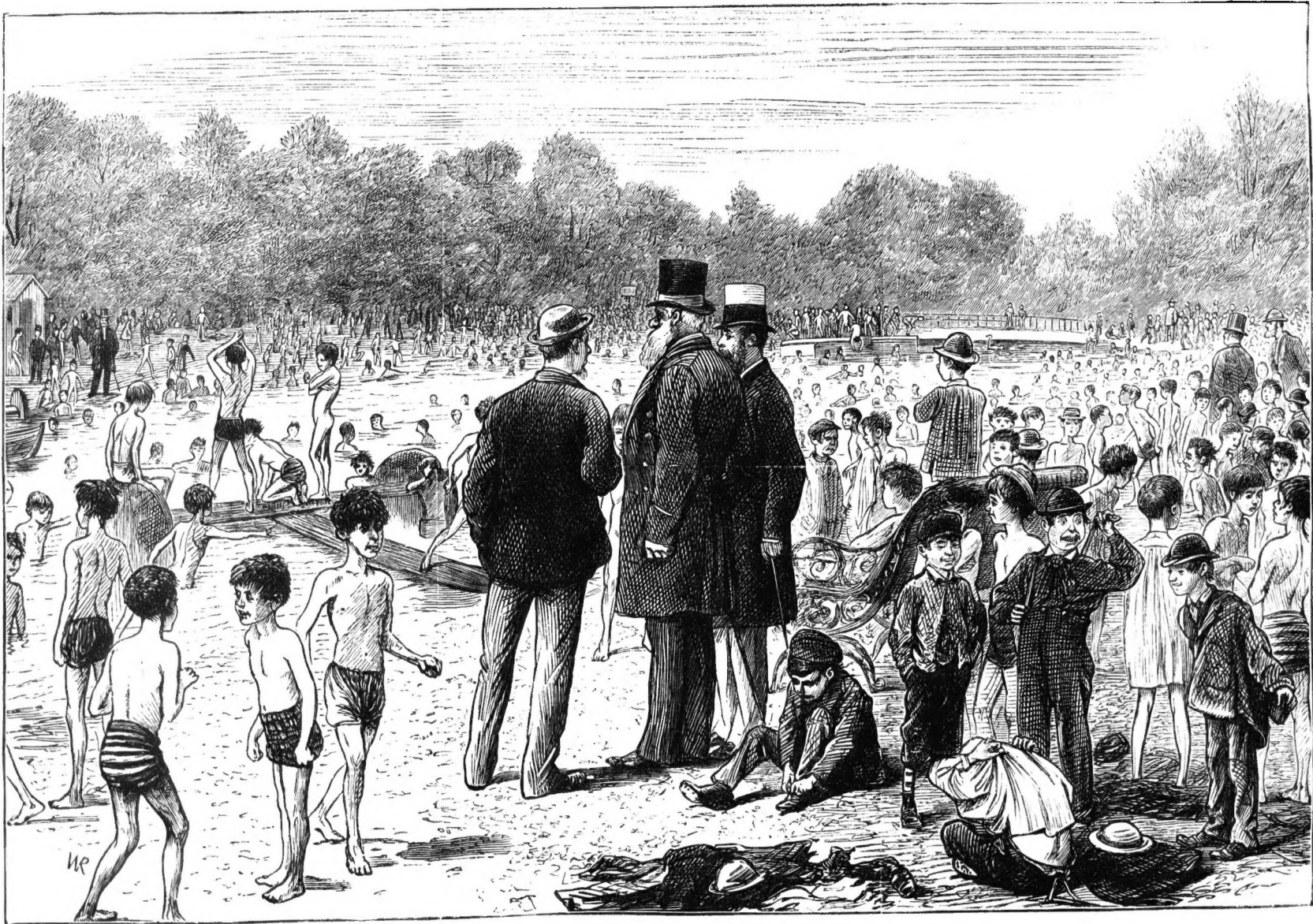
REFORMATORY MUTINIES.—Even in a school where all the boys come from respectable homes, the presence of two or three bullies or blackguards can make life very unpleasant for their juniors. What then must be the moral condition of a school where (as in a reformatory) all the boys are marked with the stigma of crime, or (as in an industrial school), where they are of an idle, disorderly character? In such establishments the discipline must necessarily be far more severe than that adopted in schools where much can be entrusted to the good sense and good feeling of the boys themselves. Still, there are probably loopholes for bullying, and it may be suspected that much unpublished misery is endured by the milder-natured boys at the hands of their fellows, to say nothing of acts of tyranny and injustice on the part of the school officers. We make no positive assertion on these points, but the outbreaks which from time to time occur (two recently at Carlisle and Leith) make us desire that the public should be made accurately acquainted with the inner life of these receptacles. How to deal with juvenile crime is one of the problems of the day, but imprisonment, tempered with school teaching and occasional mutinies, can scarcely be regarded as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

CHANNEL STEAMER THIEVES.—There is an excess of publicity nowadays. People seem to forget that the papers are read by rogues as well as by honest men. A few weeks ago there was a lively correspondence about Channel steamboat robberies. A victim wrote to say how he was robbed. Somebody replied that the victim should follow *his* example, keep his valuables in a breast pocket. There they would be quite safe. But now one or two more victims have written to tell the travelling world that they have been plundered of the property which they carried in their breast pockets, whilst that which they bestowed elsewhere was intact. It is plain from this that pickpockets are careful students of the newspaper press, and the inference we draw is that philanthropists should keep these little preservative "dodges" for the confidences of private life, and should not be too eager to divulge them in print. The question remains whether these thefts can be prevented. The only remedy we have to offer is a very small one, but it may be worth attention. It is that the steamboat authorities should devise some more convenient method of collecting their tickets. At present they take them just as the passengers are pouring pell-mell out of the vessel. They are encumbered with small packages, they are looking anxiously about to see that Tommy and Lizzie are in sight, and they are often demoralised with seasickness. Often it is blowing fresh, or raining. When, in addition to these worries, a man has suddenly to produce a ticket, he is at the mercy of the merest tyro in the pickpocketing art. Better than this it would be to lose a little time, assemble the passengers in a covered building on the pier, and make the ticket-examination there. If the Custom House officers were instructed to work together with the steamboat people in this matter, the same examination might suffice both for the detection of smugglers and for the inspection of tickets.

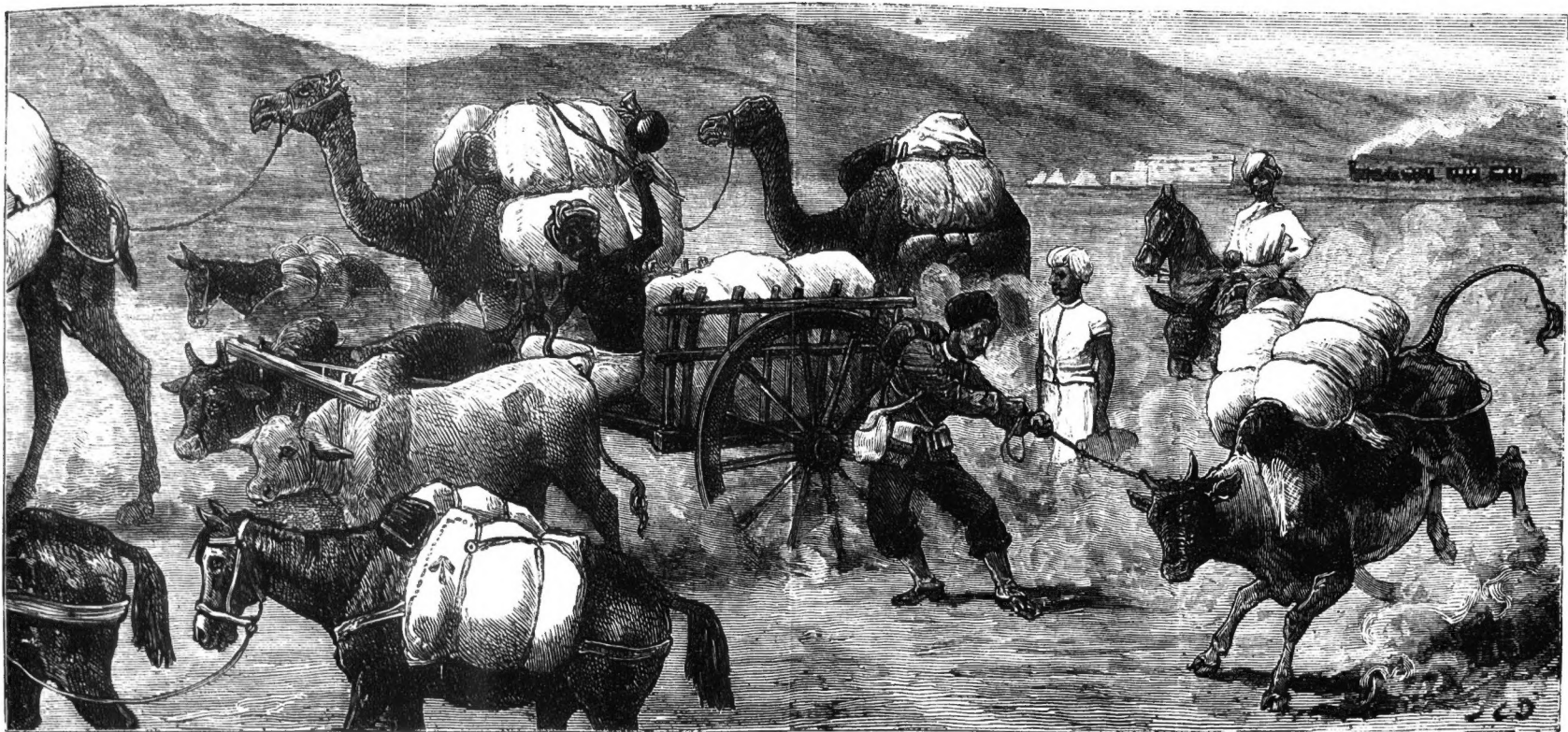
HERE we have another military transport train, this time in Cyprus, where it is represented conveying the camp equipage, baggage, &c. of the Twentieth Regiment and Royal Engineers, from Mount Troodos into winter quarters on the Plains, near Limasol. The transport animals are mules, donkeys, and ponies, as bullock-carts cannot be used on the zig-zag mountain mule path (between Troodos and Platius), shown in the illustration. The soldiers' wives rode on the mules and donkeys, while their children were carried in panniers fastened to the sides of the pack saddles. The little ones seemed to be quite comfortable, and to be delighted with the whole proceeding. The animals were driven for the most part by the natives, Mahomedans, and Greeks, the train being escorted by the men of the Twentieth Regiment. The change from the mountain to the plain in the autumn is exceedingly warm and pleasant, and is highly appreciated by the troops, who, however, are glad enough when the spring comes round to climb the "Mount" once more, and seek the cool refreshing breezes from ancient Olympus.



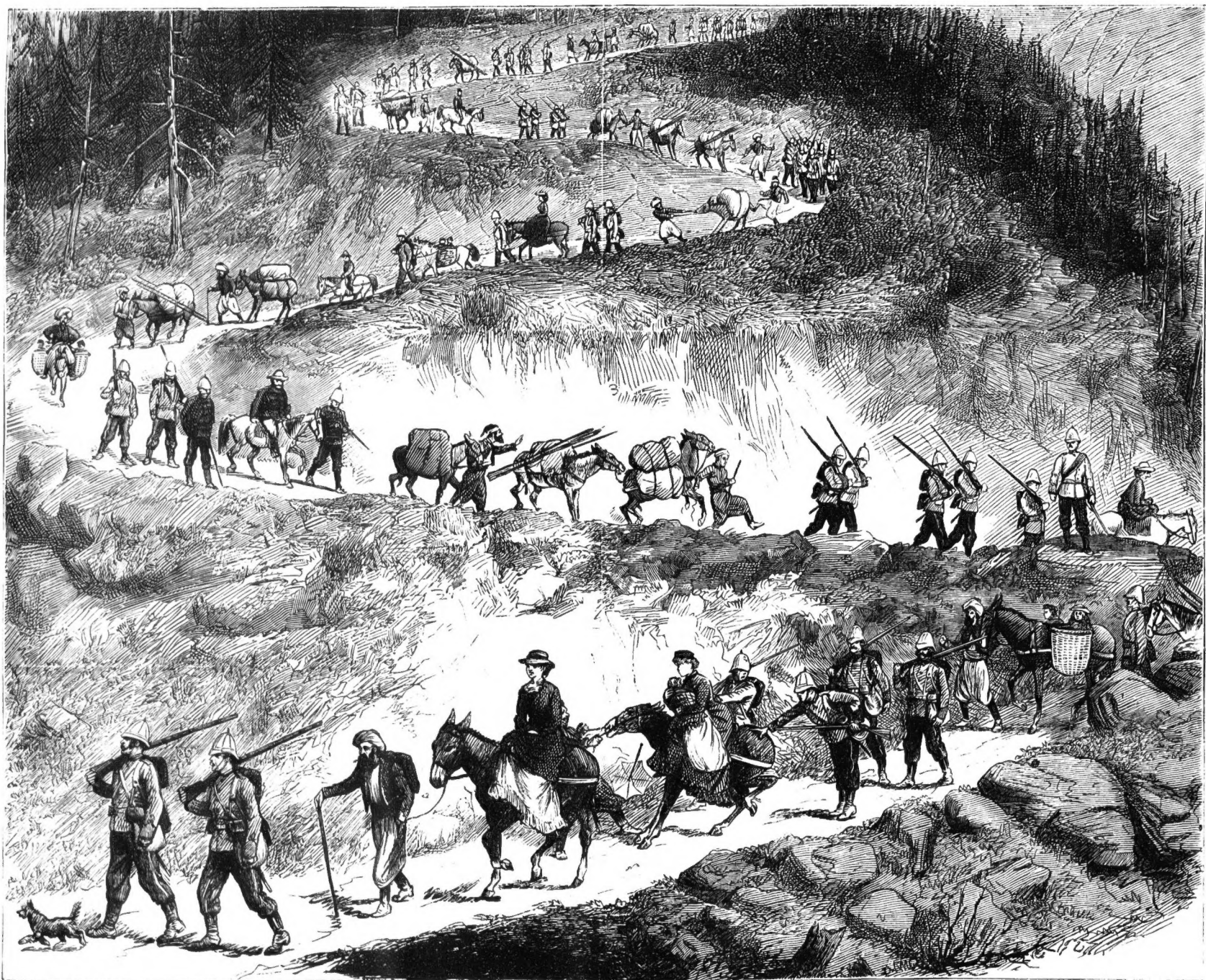
TRAVELLING IN INDIA—A JOURNEY BY ROAD



PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN SWIMMING—SCHOOL-BOARD CHILDREN BATHING IN VICTORIA PARK



AFGHANISTAN — DIFFERENT TRANSPORT ANIMALS USED IN THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH



CYPRUS — MARCHING FROM MOUNT TROODOS INTO WINTER QUARTERS

THE LANDSLIP AT NAINI TAL

INSTEAD of being perched on a series of hill-tops, like most of the other Himalayan health resorts, Naini Tal lies for the most part in a small basin, the greater part of which is occupied by a lake about a mile long, and which is dominated on all sides by lofty mountains. The station, being the only one where lake and mountains are combined, is reckoned to be one of the prettiest in the Himalayas, and is a favourite resort for visitors, especially during the autumn holidays.

Landslips on a small scale had already occurred at Naini Tal, and it had been pointed out that many of the houses were most unsafe. The warning, however, passed unheeded. But on Thursday, September 16th, a fall of rain began, phenomenal even for that region of copious downpours. The rains fell almost without intermission till noon on Sunday, the 19th, the rain gauge showing the extraordinary quantity of thirty-three inches in seventy-two hours.

On Saturday morning the danger first became apparent, even to the most careless. A small landslip occurred near the Victoria Hotel, carrying away an outbuilding, and killing several persons. Mr. Taylor, the magistrate in charge of the station, with a body of police, and a working party from the *dépot*, at once went to the spot, and began to clear away the *débris*, and to try to divert the course of the torrent, which threatened the hotel and some other houses. The hotel was full of visitors, who now perceived that it was time to seek safety elsewhere. Some, unfortunately, sought for shelter in the library, a portion of the Assembly Rooms building close to the lake. At half past one the great catastrophe occurred. It is thus described by a correspondent of the *Pioneer*:—

"All seemed well, and the working party were busy at their task, when Naini Tal was startled by a sudden and sullen roar, louder than the simultaneous crash of heavy guns. Vast clouds of dust rose heavenwards; the whole place shook as though an earthquake had passed; the waters of the lake rose in a moment far above their usual limit, and swept in a massive wave towards the weir. Then all was still. From the top of the lower spur, under which the Victoria Hotel had stood a minute before, down to the cricket-ground, nothing was to be seen but a vast expanse of loose earth, beneath which lay buried hotel and garden, road and orderly room. It was as though some giant had dropped half a mountain on the spot. Deep below lay the working party, not a vestige of them was to be seen.

"The landslip had come down without a moment's warning, burying in deadly embrace the hotel and the working party behind, engulfing orderly-room and shop, Assembly Rooms and library, with almost every living soul they contained. Working parties were at once formed, but engineers and medical officers gave the opinion that there was not the remotest chance of the survival of any who lay entombed beneath the ruins."

Forty Europeans in all were killed, and nearly the same number of natives. Four Europeans also were injured.

Naini Tal is in the British district of Kumaon, and forms part of the territory ceded to us by Nepal after the war of 1816. About forty years ago the English settlement first sprang up on the mountain side. Since then it has become, not merely a favourite health-resort, but a considerable place of trade for the Nepaul hill-men, and also the chief recruiting-ground for the young Goorkhas who were desirous of entering our service.—Our engravings are from photographs and sketches kindly lent us by Mr. O. Claude Radford, Adjutant 4th Punjab Infantry, and Colonel J. Bonus, R.E.

MR. T. H. M. STRATTON

SEAHAM COLLIERY, near Seaham Harbour, where the terrible explosion took place on the 8th ult., by which upwards of 150 lives were sacrificed, was locally termed the "Nicky-nack Pit," and is the property of the Marquis of Londonderry. The produce was chiefly gas coal, sent to the London market, and the output, over one thousand men and boys being employed, was one of the largest in the county. Until this explosion occurred, the north of England, as compared with the Midland counties, Wales, and Scotland, has been remarkably free from colliery disasters, and except the accident at Hartley in 1862, when 200 miners were buried alive, no serious loss has occurred till now for twenty-seven years. We mention these points, the magnitude of the colliery, and its freedom from accident, to show the responsible post occupied by Mr. T. H. M. Stratton, the manager, and also the care with which his duties had been fulfilled. As soon as the terrible disaster occurred, he at once set to work to devise means for rescuing any hands who might still be alive, and as a result he himself and two workmen were lowered down the air shaft by rope loops, and this descent revealed the important fact that some of the men were still alive.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"THE FOUR SEASONS"

THE subjects represented in these four illustrations need not detain us long. "Spring" shows a scene in one of the Parisian flower markets, where the white-capped vendor is displaying her floral treasures to an intending purchaser. "Summer" depicts childhood's ideal of an ogress, the bathing-woman, plunging a screaming youngster beneath the briny wave; in "Autumn" a lover is popping into his sweetheart's mouth a grape from a bunch he holds in his hand; while "Winter" displays the usual snug scene of domestic bliss; papa with his paper, mamma with her work, baby with her doll, and the dog stretched out beneath his master's chair.

Our readers will perhaps notice that these illustrations are reproduced in an entirely different manner to those in other pages. In the last few years various attempts have been made, with more or less success, to compete with wood engraving. We have on several occasions essayed to reproduce drawing by other methods than by that of engraving on wood; but up to the present time no "process" plates have produced a satisfactory result. Our illustrations will be interesting because produced by this now formidable rival of wood engraving.

"ANGLING"

THE phrase here has, of course, a twofold signification. Cook (if she is cook) is expressing her astonishment that Simple Simon has in the course of his piscatory endeavours only managed to secure three gudgeon, while he sits twiddling his thumbs and smirking, evidently smitten by her charms. He has been fishing for fish, he is now fishing for a woman, though, perhaps, in reality, such are the artful ways of the sex, it is she, though he does not know it, who is fishing for him.

A CONTINENTAL SUNDAY

NOTHING strikes an Englishman on his first trip abroad or a foreigner making a first visit to England than the difference between the aspect of our own country on Sunday and that of any Continental town. In all our cities everything is strictly closed save the churches, the cigar-shops, and the public-houses, the streets wear a rigidly Sabbatarian air, and while it is true that in the better quarters they are thronged with well-dressed church-goers, in the humbler districts their occupants are lolloping about the corners, lazily gossiping and yawning away the time until one o'clock, when the dinner of the week can be fetched away from the baker's, or the friendly portals of the "Red Lion" or the "Ace of Clubs" shall be thrown open. On the Continent Sunday is a very different day. There the divine principle that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the

Sabbath is amply carried out. In the morning the churches may be seen thronged with worshippers, but their spiritual devotions ended people feel that they are doing no wrong in enjoying themselves after their own fashion. Indeed, in most places they are aided in this by the Government of the country, which throws open the museums and galleries, the palaces and gardens to the multitude, in order to enable them to obtain a healthy and rational recreation from which they will not only be physically benefitted, but from which they may glean valuable information as well as entertainment. A favourite argument with ardent Sabbatarians in England is that even were the museums and galleries thrown open the humbler classes would not care to frequent them. This we most distinctly deny, and point to the crowds which frequent the National Gallery and British and South Kensington Museums on Bank Holidays as a practical refutation of this argument. Abroad, whether in France or in Germany, the museums may be seen thronged with members of the humbler classes—whole families, "Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé," may be heard discussing the merits of this and that work of art, or asking questions of the attendants in a manner which shows a very fair grasp of the subject. Moreover, in this way the younger members of the family imbibe a taste for the refined and beautiful almost unconsciously; their minds receive an impression of the artistic and graceful which is never wholly lost in after life, while the knowledge they acquire is frequently useful to them in after life. Take the Cluny Museum at Paris, for example,—that marvellous collection of antique furniture, grand old tapestries, and porcelain of every form and epoch. Could a boy destined to be a workman—whether carpenter or mason, weaver or painter, or what not—spend a more profitable afternoon than there? We would ask some of our readers next time they are in Paris to go to the Cluny Museum on Sunday afternoon, and judge for themselves. That such exhibitions would be gladly attended in England were they open is manifested by the eagerness with which the tickets are sought for the various galleries which are opened once or twice in the season under the auspices of the Sunday Society, while only during the past season Royalty itself was of opinion that no harm could be obtained by looking at works of art on Sunday, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visiting the Grosvenor Gallery. It is not, however, for the well-to-do classes that we would plead for the Sunday opening of our museums and galleries, but for the immense multitude of persons whose occupations entirely preclude them from attending such exhibitions on week days, and whose sole Sunday recreation—if, indeed, no worse—frequently consists of a heavy midday dinner, with an afternoon nap, and a probable indigestion to follow. It is frequently urged that the attendants should have some holiday. Precisely so. Let them have Monday, as in Paris. We have borrowed many fashions from Lutetia, why not this?

"WARDS IN CHANCERY"

WHEN the disposition of property is contested by various claimants, it is often thrown into Chancery, and, while the suit is pending, the Lord Chancellor determines what amounts may be allowed to those who are undoubtedly entitled to share in the proceeds, but whose exact proportion is not yet settled.

In the picture before us the young ladies think that their allowance might be increased, and that their personal presence might prove more persuasive than that of their solicitor. Great men, even Lord Chancellors, will sometimes grant to women that which they will deny to their own sex. So they are allowed to see the Judge in his private room. The probate of the will has been produced. The ladies have done their best. Their appeal has, no doubt, been most pathetic. But it is unsuccessful. His lordship refuses.—The picture from which our engraving is taken was painted by Mr. John Morgan, and is the property of George W. Parker, Esq., of De Grey Lodge, Leeds. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy this year.

LIFE ON A CHILIAN RODEO, IV.; AND

MR. G. F. GRACE

See page 333.



IRELAND has again been the scene of a tragedy. Last Saturday evening Lord Mountmorres was assassinated at Rusheen, County Galway, on a lonely road on the way to his own house. There is little doubt that the murder is one of the brutal outcomes of the agrarian movement; for, although Lord Mountmorres was not a large proprietor, he had recently been engaged in litigation with some of his tenants, and when the crime took place he was on his way home from a meeting of magistrates at Clonbur. Until shortly before his death he was guarded by an escort of police. When his body was found it was pierced by six rifle balls. A man named Sweeney, a former servant of his lordship, and a man named Mason, have been arrested on suspicion. Some idea of the state of feeling in the neighbourhood may be gathered from the fact that, when the dead body was carried to a cottage within 300 yards of the spot where the murder was committed, the tenant of the cottage refused to let it be taken in, "for fear," as the man stated at the inquest, "that something belonging to him might not be alive that day twelve months." A verdict of "Wilful murder against some one unknown" was returned by the jury; and it is expected that a reward will be offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this brutal outrage. The body of the deceased was removed on Wednesday from Ebor Hall to Dublin for burial. On this occasion the men who were about to drive the hearse to Galway refused to help to put the corpse into the coffin.

THE LAND AGITATION.—Meantime meetings have been daily held, attended by crowds of excited peasants, addressed in speeches of great violence by members of Parliament, and presided over by priests. Even on the afternoon of the day following the murder of Lord Mountmorres, a land meeting was held within a mile or two of the deceased nobleman's house, at which a priest, although in the name of the Land League repudiating any approval of the murder, had the good taste to refer to Lord Mountmorres as "a bad landlord, and undoubtedly a bad man in many other respects." A Protestant clergyman, who had known Lord Mountmorres from his youth upwards, writes giving him a very different character, and telling how, as an amateur practitioner of medicine, in which he was a proficient, he had been wont to visit the dwellings of the poor. Prominent among the speakers at a meeting at Kilrush, County Clare, presided over by a priest, was Mr. J. L. Finigan, M.P., who told his hearers that the time had come to demand their "inalienable right; that an alien domination should be cast down—a domination worse than anything existing in any part of Europe." At the meeting held at New Ross, at which Mr. Parnell was the hero of the day, there were from fifteen to twenty thousand people present. One of the inscriptions decorating the banners ran thus:—

Let it ring out o'er hill and dale,
"God bless our noble chief Parnell."

Mr. Parnell's latest modest proposal is that Irish tenants should pay a "fair" rent for five-and-thirty years, after which they should

become the owners of the land. The maiming of cattle still continues.

NIHILISTS IN ENGLAND.—A wild alarm comes from Glasgow this week in the form of the discovery of a diabolical plot to blow up the new yacht of the Czar of Russia, the *Livadia*, at present lying almost completed in dock on the Clyde. England, no doubt, is the home of political refugees of all nationalities; but it is hard to believe that there is one in our midst who would wilfully imperil the lives of a number of perfectly innocent people, on the off chance of destroying the hated Emperor, or, failing that, injuring his property. Yet from information received, apparently on reliable authority, the police have all this week been busily watching the yacht, and carefully examining all that goes on board. Three men are supposed to have left London a few days ago for Glasgow, carrying with them two nitro-glycerine clocks, which were meant to be concealed among the coals on board the yacht. The story is so far believed to be true that detectives are placed in the ship-yard, visitors are refused admittance to the yacht, and the coals already shipped were removed from the bunkers, while the hull is being carefully examined to make sure of the absence of hidden contrivances for her destruction at sea. The yacht, which is of the most magnificent structure, is of such great width of beam that another vessel could not pass her on way from the river to the Firth of Clyde. She is expected to sail to-morrow (Sunday) with Admiral Popoff (who has received a letter declaring that he shall never leave Glasgow alive) on board; the Grand Duke Constantine is to join her at Plymouth on the 6th, after which she proceeds to the Crimea.

ANOTHER ALARM.—An extraordinary story was told by a woman to the police at Landport at the close of last week. In this case, a Mrs. Phillips, the wife of a sailor on one of the Royal yachts, was, according to her narrative, offered a considerable bribe, under mysterious circumstances, if she could persuade her husband to deliver a parcel to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, at Government House, making it appear that the parcel came from one of the officers of the yacht. On refusing to have anything to do with the parcel, a handkerchief, she said, was put over her mouth, which made her instantly insensible. The police, after inquiring into the matter, have found no corroboration of the woman's statement, in which, however, she still persists.

THE THREATENED STRIKE.—The threatened strike among the Lancashire cotton spinners has happily for the present been abandoned. The Weavers' Committee at Accrington on deliberation decided that work should be continued at the present wages in order to give the masters time to give effect to the promises made to pay better wages on the improvement of trade. The feeling at Accrington in consequence is one of intense relief.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre has reopened for the season under the management of Mr. Edgar Bruce, who is understood to have in preparation an English version of the Dutch drama of national manners, called *Anne-Mie*, which was represented here last summer by the Rotterdam company. Meanwhile he has resumed the performance of *Forget-Me-Not*, with Miss GENEVIÈVE Ward in her original character of Stephanie, Countess of Mohriart. We may also note that Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who was the original representative of Sir Horace Welby when this rather disagreeable play was first produced at a morning performance at the Lyceum Theatre, now appears again in that part, Mr. Clayton having for some reason relinquished it. In other respects there is no change in the personages or their representatives, with the exception of the fact that the widow lady, who used to come occasionally in and out of a door at the back of the stage, like the little figure in the Dutch clocks, is now, in spite of the protests of the authors, only heard of instead of being seen. By way of *lever de rideau*, the management have produced a neatly-written little sketch, in one act, called *In Honour Bound*, suggested to the author, Mr. Sydney Grundy, by Scribe's comedy, *Une Chaine*. This comedieta is well acted by Mr. Bruce, Mrs. Bernard-Beere, and Miss Kate Pattison.

THE VAUDEVILLE has also reopened with *The Gai'ner*, together with a one-act drama entitled *Auld Acquaintance*, written by Mr. Dilley, and brought out some time since at St. George's Hall. This little piece, though showing signs of inexperience on the part of the author, is not without its merits in parts. It must be said, however, that it suffers a good deal in the acting, which is slow and wanting in spirit, and causes the performance to drag. The only other novelty during the last few days has been the reappearance of Mr. Toole at a morning performance at the FOLLY Theatre on Saturday last, in his old character of Caleb Plummer in *Dot*. This, as our readers are no doubt aware, is an adaptation of Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*. Mr. Toole's impersonation is too well known to require any comment; but a word is due to the careful *mise-en-scène* of this pretty drama, and to the efficient rendering of its numerous parts by the really strong company now engaged at the Folly. *Dot* will be repeated this afternoon.

The dramatic season promises ere long to commence in good earnest. The ST. JAMES'S Theatre reopens on Saturday next, with Mr. Wills's new version of *Black Ey'd Susan*; the OLYMPIC will open under a new management in October with a new play by an English author; on Monday next Mr. Creswick, who has long been absent from England, will appear at the SURREY Theatre in Sheridan Knowles's *Virginian*; the PRINCESS'S Theatre, now in course of reconstruction, will open in the course of the month with Shakespearean performances, in which Mr. Edwin Booth will appear; Mr. Boucicault's new romantic Irish drama is announced as in active preparation at the ADELPHI; and lastly, the ROYALTY Theatre reopens on Monday evening with a new comedy, entitled *Bow Bells*, from the pen of Mr. Byron.

THE BRITANNIA.—Messrs. S. and A. Crauford, of this popular place of entertainment, have issued a very attractive programme for their joint benefit night, on Wednesday next, the 6th inst. The first item is a drama entitled *Through the Fire*, written by Mr. G. H. Macdormott, who is to appear in it in conjunction with the manageress, Mrs. S. Lane. This will be followed by a Grand Concert, after which the travestie of the Siamese Twins, to be followed by "Che-mah," the Chinese dwarf, "Brustad," the Norwegian giant, "Adonis," the "miniature man," concluding with the *Coriscan Brothers*, in which Mr. W. James will enact the dual rôle, with Mr. J. B. Howe as Chateau Renaud.

BILL OF FARE OF THE SCHLIEMANN AND NORDENSKJÖLD BANQUET

ON the 9th August a splendid dinner was given at the Hotel Kaiserhof, Berlin, in honour of Professor Nordenskjöld and Dr. Schliemann. Five hundred persons were present, including Royal personages, State dignitaries, scholars, &c. As the bill of fare is a curiosity in its way, we here reproduce it. On the right appears Professor Nordenskjöld, labouring hard on his *Vega*, caught in the ice, and the City of Berlin, personified by an ice-bear, laying down at his feet a laurel wreath. To his right an iceberg, with the bill of fare written in Swedish; below, two Esquimaux holding the



THE PASSION PLAY which was performed in San Francisco last winter, and caused such bitter controversy, is to be produced at New York in December.

WINTER has set in early in the Austrian Tyrol. Near Innsbruck and throughout the Austrian Alps the heights are covered with several inches of snow.

THE PRINCESSES OF HESSE.—By command of Her Majesty the Queen, Mr. Sydney P. Hall has painted portrait sketches (in oil) of the Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse.

AN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY is to be constructed in New York, and will be opened in time for the Exhibition of 1883. Light and ventilation will be amply provided on the new line.

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION, which opens this week, is reported by Sir H. Sandford, of the British Royal Commission, to "surpass his highest hopes, the general condition of many of the Courts being far advanced."

A SUNDAY SOCIETY is to be inaugurated in Glasgow this month, and will probably arouse considerable antagonism in that strict Sabbatarian city. The object of this society, as of the other branches, will be the opening of museums, Art-galleries, libraries, and gardens on Sundays, and Professor Tyndall will deliver a presidential address.

THE VIENNA SOCIETY OF ARTS have forwarded to us the fourth and fifth folios of the series of etchings executed in honour of the Silver Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria. The reproductions from the original designs contain in the last two folios, although hardly as satisfactory as those of the first set, maintain the high standard of the publication.

A VOLUME OF BURNS' POEMS, transcribed entirely by the poet's own hand, has been presented to the Committee of the Burns' Monument at Ayr. The little book was given by Burns, in 1787, to Mrs. General Stewart, of Afton, grandmother of the present donor, and contains a poem specially composed on the loss of Mrs. Stewart's only son, besides the entire manuscript of "Tam o' Shanter."

"FOLIAGE TINTS" AND "MONASTIC HUES" are the fashionable autumn colours for dresses in Paris, appropriate to the dying year and the religious situation. Thus the clerical tints include "Bishop's purple," "Carmelite," "Franciscan," "Capucin," &c., while in the leafy hues there are "golden moss," "ripe vine branch," "autumn leaf," "silver poplar leaf," and "blushing vine-shoot," besides "contented duck," "anxious frog," and "alarmed mouse."

WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE in Philadelphia is likely to be swept away with other old landmarks unless the Pennsylvania authorities buy their founder's dwelling as a historical relic. Called the "Letitia House" after Penn's daughter, who lived there for many years with her father, the building has undergone many changes since its first construction in the seventeenth century, when it was in the very middle of the town, fronting the harbour. Years after Penn's death it was converted into the "Rising Sun" Inn, and lately has been known as the Woolsack Hotel; but its present owner wants to pull it down and build business premises on the site.

THE EVENING CLASSES FOR YOUNG MEN at the City of London College, Leadenhall Street begin on Monday next for the winter season. Several new classes have been added to the course which now embraces the most varied subjects, while the students have the further advantage of a good library and recreation rooms, as well as amusing entertainments on Thursday evenings. Mr. E. Clark will deliver the inaugural address on the 7th inst. The College authorities hope soon to erect a suitable building for their increased needs, as they have received a donation of 250*l.* from John Long's Charity, and trust that they may be further aided in their project by those interested in the spread of education.

THE ROMAN VILLA AT SANDOWN, Isle of Wight, is fast being disinterred, eleven chambers having now been discovered. The chief room unearthed is nearly forty feet long, and is divided by solid masonry piers, the west end being nineteen feet wide, and the east fifteen feet, while the walls are between three and four feet high, the usual measurement of ancient Roman domestic architecture. Remains of an eighteen-inch dado are still visible, ornamented in fresco with scroll patterns of pink, grey, and white, while a plaster fillet runs round the base of the room. The tessellated floor is the most elaborate yet discovered in Great Britain, and represents Perseus and Andromeda, the Four Seasons, and Medusa with her snake locks, besides pastoral groups, Tritons, and sea-monsters.

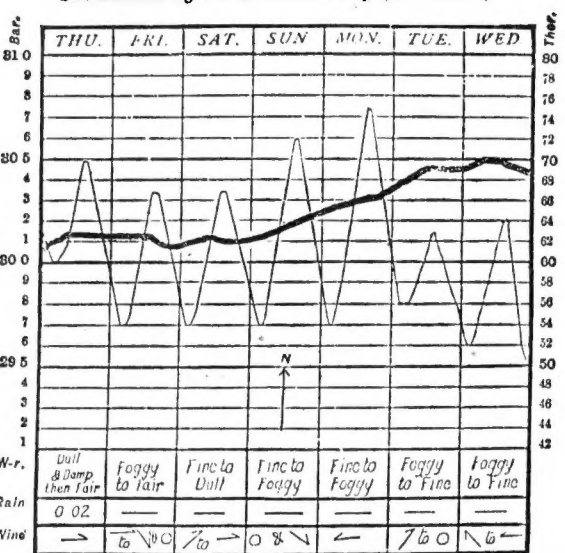
LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 1,441 deaths were registered against 1,438 during the previous seven days, an increase of 3, being 104 above the average, and at the rate of 20.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 174 from diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 19), 5 from small-pox (an increase of 2), 10 from measles, 48 from scarlet fever (a decline of 2), 13 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 24 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 16 from different forms of fever (a decline of 8), and 142 from diarrhoea (a decline of 72). There were 2,599 births registered against 2,382 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 155. The mean temperature of the air was 56.4 deg. or 0.2 deg. above the average. There were 19.8 hours of registered bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 85.0 hours.

THE AMERICAN FRANKLIN SEARCH EXPEDITION, which started last year under Lieutenant Schwatka to follow up a clue obtained from an Eskimo some time before, has returned to Massachusetts, bringing further relics of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. For eleven months Lieutenant Schwatka and his followers minutely explored King William's Land and the neighbourhood, taking a sledge journey over 2,819 geographical miles, principally of unexplored territory, this being both the longest sledge journey ever made, and pursued under unprecedented cold, the average temperature for sixteen days being 100 deg. below freezing point. They learnt from the natives that one of the ships drifted down the Victoria Straits, and was found off Grant Point in 1849 by the Eskimos, who unwittingly scuttled the vessel. Moreover, the natives once saw a small party of attenuated officers, supposed to be the last survivors, dragging a boat across the ice, and their skeletons were subsequently found under the boat in a tent, a prey to wild beasts, and showing signs that some had been eaten by their comrades. From all accounts there appears no chance of ever recovering the records of the Franklin Expedition, but the American explorers found many scattered human bones, which they carefully burned, and erected rude memorials in various spots, while they brought home the remains of Mr. Irving, the third officer of the *Terror*, and a board for the identification of the ships. The weather in the Arctic regions is very severe just now, and the *Corwin*, which has been sent out in search of the *Jeannette* and several whalers, can go no further, while the anxiety concerning the *Jeannette* is daily increasing. The *Gulnare*, belonging to the Howgate Expedition, has also been obliged to abandon the intended voyage to Lady Franklin's Bay. Turning to British explorers, Mr. Leigh Smith has reached Franz Josef Land, and has explored to the west as far as 45 deg. E., and 80 deg. 20 min. N., whence he sighted land about forty miles N.W.

map of Siberia and the Antarctic regions. To the left, Dr. Schliemann is represented sitting on the great Trojan treasure, symbolised by an iron safe, on which is written, in Greek, "Anheim of Priam"—Anheim being the celebrated German safe-maker. Madame Schliemann's shawl, in which the treasure was saved, is symbolised by a mantle, with the inscription: *Chlaina gynaikis* (the lady's mantle). On the doctor's right is standing a *Nike* (Victory), putting a wreath on his head; in his right hand is conspicuous the spade. Above his head is represented Troy, with its walls, towers, and the Scæan gate, and the legend, *Ilios irk*. Before him the bill of fare, written in Greek, and headed, *Sumpzion eis Schliemannou tou megalou timon* (Banquet in honour of the great Schliemann). The list of the victuals is crowned by the sculpture, with the two lions, which stands above the great gate at Mycenæ. The City of Berlin is personified by a bear, which, deeply bowing, deposits a laurel crown at Dr. Schliemann's feet. In the left corner are represented some of the most beautiful passages of the Iliad, as, for instance, Hector taking leave of Andromaché, and the wonderful scene with his boy Astyanax.

DELUSIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.—There is perhaps no more nefarious or reprehensible form of swindling than that of which the men Pipe and Jackson were last week convicted at the Middlesex Sessions. The scheme was simple enough, and easily set afloat, the only requirements being a little cash or credit for the first batch of advertisements, and a cynical indifference to the reproaches and pleadings of their numerous victims. Those who have read the evidence in the case will see at once that the business was conducted strictly on the principle, or rather want of principle, of getting as much money as possible out of every client, and doing as little as possible for him or her in return for it. That the swindle was an extensive and enormously profitable one is evident from the statement of Inspector Morgan, who said that Pipe, when summoned last year on a similar charge, had gladly paid a fine of 14*l.* 15*s.* to escape imprisonment, and that he had been in the habit of exchanging postage-stamps to the extent of 40*l.* per week, a sum which, if the moiety or even two-thirds were expended on advertisements and office expenses, would still have left a very handsome margin of profit, besides which there was doubtless a goodly number of fees paid in hard cash over the counter. Letters which contained no stamps were at once cast aside as waste paper, and no information was obtainable by personal application until a preliminary fee had been deposited. This system of fraud had been for some time carried on by Pipe in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and when Inspector Morgan cautioned him as to his future conduct, his reply was that he had taken counsel's opinion, and that as he knew the law better than any judge or jury, he set them all at defiance. Sentences of eighteen months' hard labour and nine months' imprisonment are respectively not too heavy for such rascality, successfully carried on for so long. It is to be hoped, however, that, lenient as they are, they will act as salutary cautions to other rogues engaged in or contemplating similar transactions. It is notorious that frauds of this character have been very extensively carried on for years past. In looking over the advertisement pages of almost any daily paper one meets with a dozen or more announcements promising such great things upon such easy terms that to the minds of ordinary people the fraud is at once manifest. But it must be remembered that these announcements are not addressed to people in ordinary circumstances, but either to very young and inexperienced men and women, who are naturally full of trust, confidence, and hope, or to those who by long illness or other misfortune have been reduced to the very verge of pauperism, and who in their desperate longing after a change for the better are ready to clutch at any straw which is presented to them. The poor clerk, with a sickly wife and widowed mother dependent upon him, reads with avidity that so many pounds per week may be easily and honestly realised. The friendless orphan girl thrills with joy at the announcement that profitable employment can be had by ladies at their own homes; or that this, that, or the other very comfortable situation with high wages is absolutely going a-begging. Alas! how many of them are doomed to disappointment! How many spend their last shillings, and even pledge or sell parts of their already too scanty wardrobe, to pay fees which only serve to swell the ill-gotten gains of unscrupulous and heartless tricksters! It is, we think, high time that these unfortunate people should be protected by some system of licensing or registering these "Servants' Registry Offices." Those which are honestly conducted would have nothing to fear from Government interference, but would, we should imagine, profit by it rather than not, whilst those of the Pipe order cannot be abolished too soon.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK SEPTEMBER 23 TO SEPTEMBER 29 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During this week the weather, although frequently cloudy and foggy, has been generally fair and dry, the only rainfall being a very slight drizzle, which fell during the early part of Thursday (23rd inst.). Temperature has been, on the whole, rather high for the time of year, especially on Sunday and Monday (26th and 27th inst.), when the maxima were respectively 72° and 75°. Since Monday, however, the presence of fog, together with the fact that a slight easterly current of wind has prevailed, has tended to keep temperature much lower, and on Tuesday (28th inst.) the maximum was only 63°. The barometer was almost steady during the first three days, since which time a gradual, but continuous, rise has been in progress. The mercury is now very high in all parts of the country, and the weather is not likely to break up, in this district, for at least a day or two. The barometer was highest (30.50 inches) on Wednesday (29th inst.); lowest (30.16 inches) on Thursday (23rd inst.); range, 0.34 inches. Temperature was highest (75°) on Monday (27th inst.); lowest (52°) on Wednesday (29th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on one day only, to the amount of 0.02 inches.

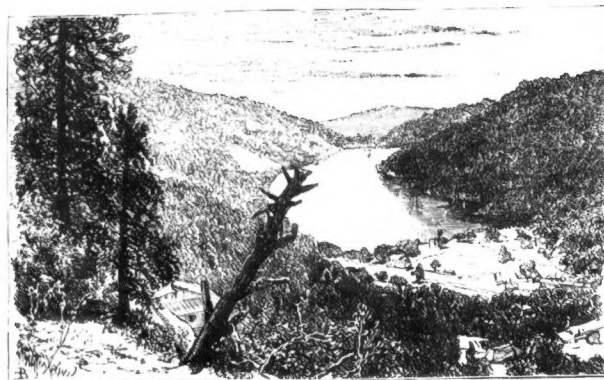


- The Sixteen Principal Homœopathic Medicines (14th Thousand). E. Gould and Sons.
- A Daring Voyage Across the Atlantic; Nimpo's Troubles: Oliver Thorne Miller; The House on the Bridge, &c.: C. E. Bowen. Griffith and Farran.
- Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1879. Longmans and Co.
- God, Saints, and Men: Eugene Lee Hamilton. W. Satchell and Co.
- The Life and Work of Jesus Christ: Rev. F. A. Malleon. Ward, Lock, and Co.
- Australia and New Zealand (3rd Edition); South Africa (3rd Edition). S. W. Silver and Co.
- Ellice Quentin, &c. (2 vols.): Julian Hawthorne. Chatto and Windus.
- Stepping Stones: Sarah Doudney. Isbister.
- The Silent Shadow (3 vols.): E. Sale Lloyd. Tinsley Bros.
- Roy and Viola (3 vols.): Mrs. Forester. Hurst and Blackett.
- Freville Chase (2 vols.): E. H. Dering. Burns and Oates.
- Queen's College Calendar, 1880-81. Macmillan.
- Cords and Discords (2 vols.): Charlotte Atcherley. Remington.
- Trinity College Calendar, 1880-81: Vox Populi: Charles Lunn. W. Reeves.
- Hanno, a Play in Five Acts: T. C. Thompson. James Cornish and Sons.
- Ultima Thule: Henry W. Longfellow. George Routledge and Sons.
- Nero, a Tragedy. Richard Comfort, Philadelphia.
- Metropolitan Convalescent Institution Report.

THE PARIS COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE will keep its bi-centenary on October 21, when there will be a week's special representations of the masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. The chief feature, however, will be the revival of *L'Impromptu de Versailles*, which Molière wrote to defend himself from the attacks of the bigots, *bourgeois*, and others whom he had so bitterly satirised in his previous works. After the first performance of this piece at Versailles in October, 1663, Louis XIV. increased Molière's pension.

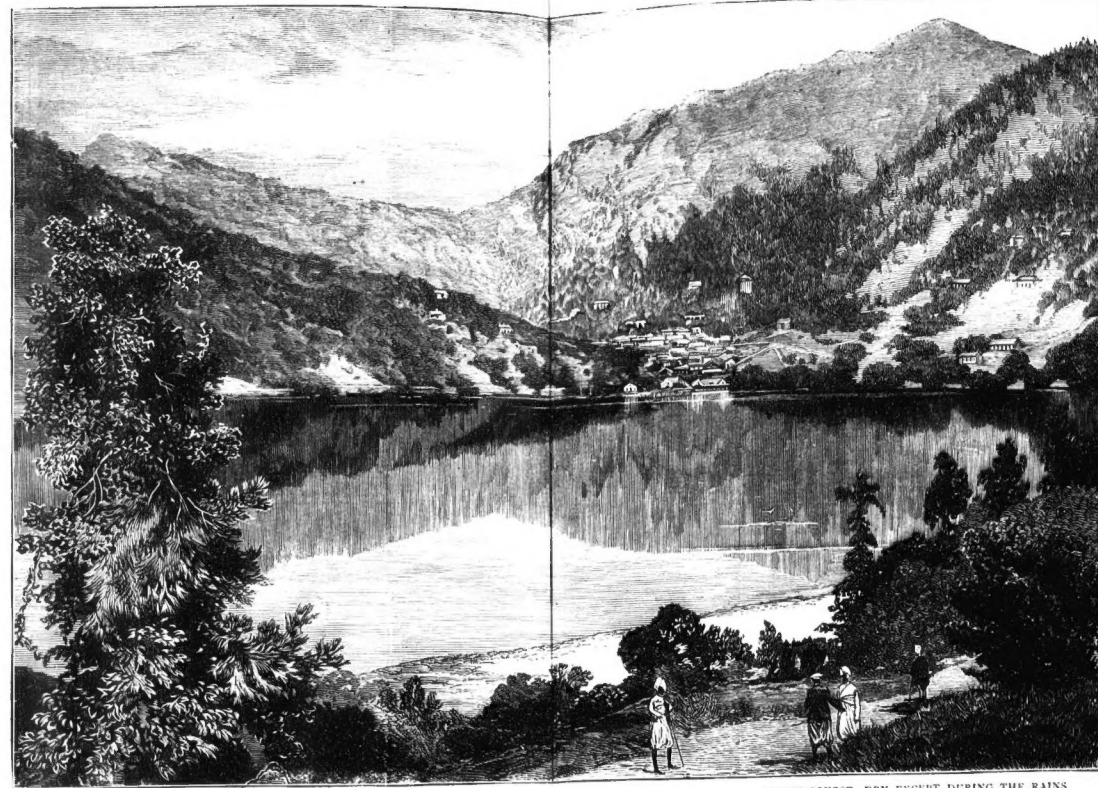


OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PROBABLY CLOSE TO THE SITE OF THE LANDSLIP



BELL'S SHOP

GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAKE BELOW CHEENA

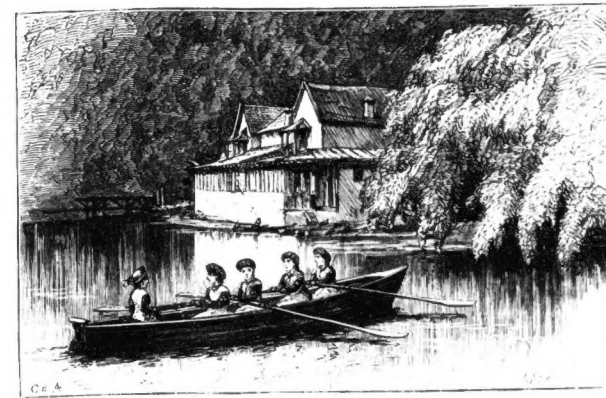


GENERAL VIEW OF NAINI TAL

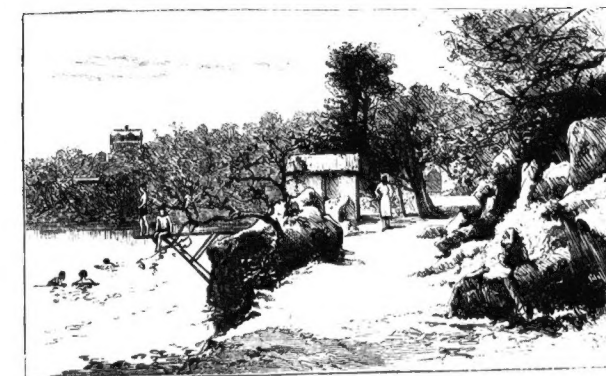
WATER-COURSE, DRY EXCEPT DURING THE RAINS

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS

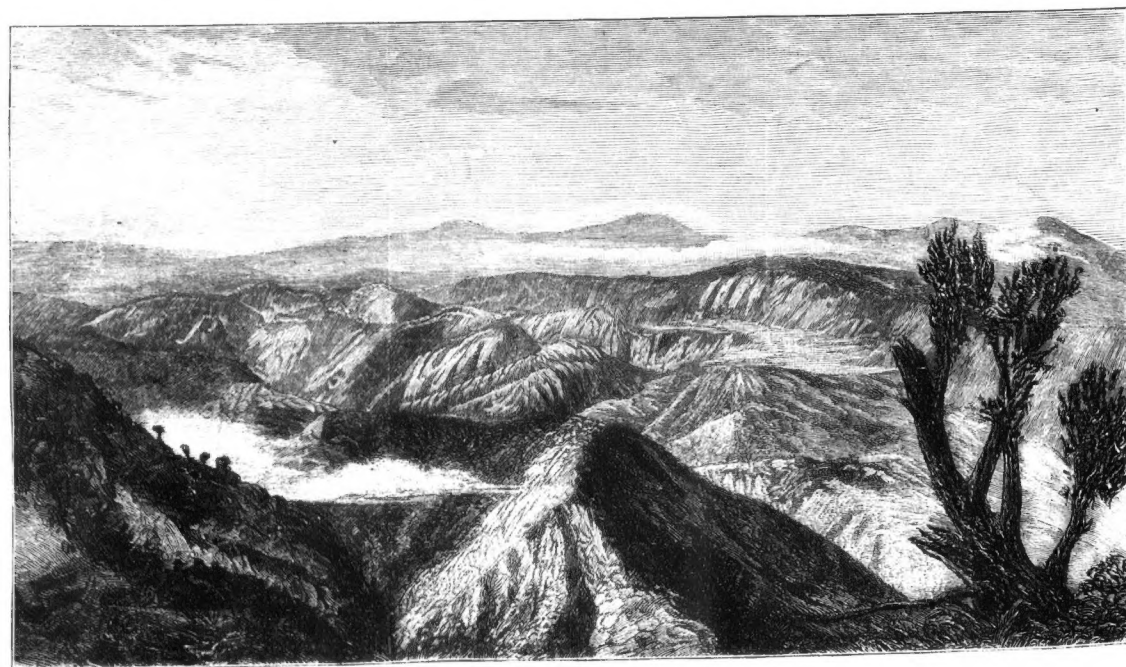
CHEENA



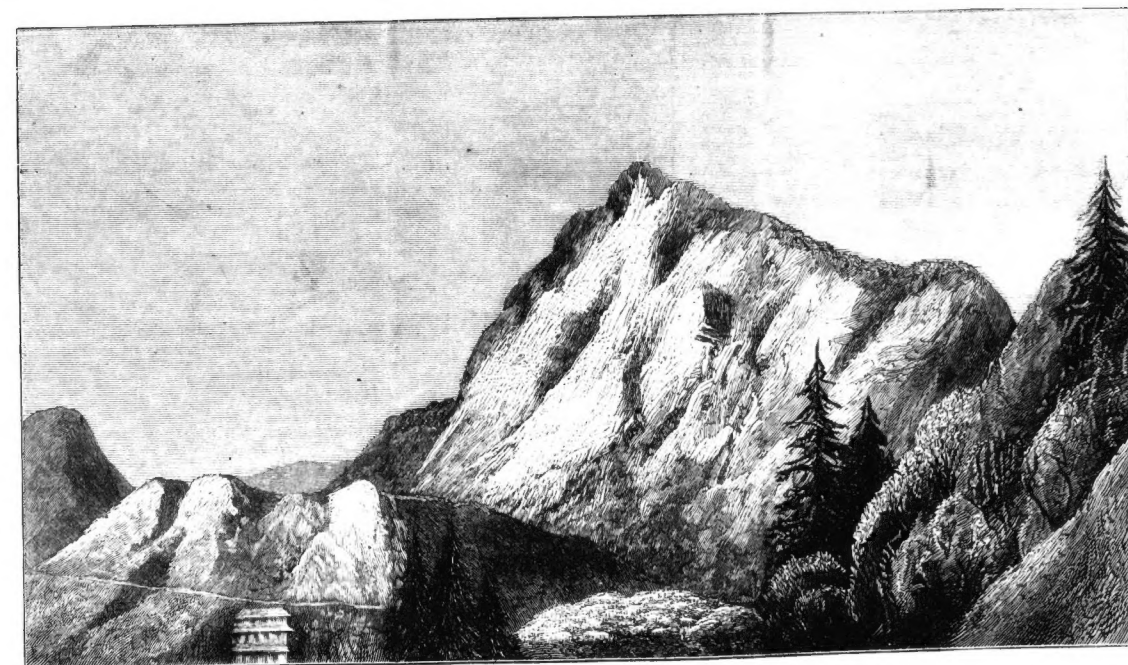
THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS—DESTROYED BY THE LANDSLIP



THE SOLDIERS' BATHING PLACE



VIEW FROM THE SNOW SEAT—A BREAK IN THE RAINS



DEO PATA HILL, TAKEN FROM THE VERANDAH OF A HOUSE NOW DESTROYED



THE EASTERN CRISIS.—The Naval Demonstration, which was announced positively to take place on Monday, was after all postponed on account of the crisis having assumed yet another phase. The Sultan, throwing aside all reserve, issued another Note last week definitively declining to cede Dulcigno unless the Powers, in addition to complying with his former demands, would promise to make no Naval Demonstration with reference to any other question, and to ask nothing more for Montenegro. This remarkable letter, dictated by the Sultan himself, and reminding one strongly of the sibil of old who asked an enhanced price for her books each time she diminished the number, would have had little effect by itself, but the Sultan at the same time notified that any attack upon Dulcigno would be regarded as a declaration of war. Now this contingency had not been provided for in the instructions to the admirals, and, moreover, Prince Nicola, who was ready enough, aided by the allied fleets, to dispute Dulcigno with the Albanians, hesitated somewhat naturally at embarking upon a war with Turkey, which he might have to carry on single-handed. Accordingly on Sunday he sent his Foreign Minister, M. Radovic, to Admiral Seymour, to ask whether he might count upon the "material" support of the Powers in such an emergency. To this Admiral Seymour could give no definite reply, so the Demonstration was postponed until the Admirals could communicate with their respective Governments. Nor did the Sultan confine his protest to mere words. The garrison at Dulcigno has been increased to 9,000 men, which, acting with the Albanians, would be a somewhat larger force than Prince Nicola calculated upon when he declared during Admiral Seymour's visit to his capital last week, even after Lord Walter Kerr had returned from Scutari with Riza Pasha's refusal of Admiral Seymour's ultimatum, that he was quite prepared to take forcible possession of Dulcigno, "coûte-que-coûte." Further, it appears that the instructions of the French Admiral will not permit him to join in any bombardment or active intervention, and that if the other vessels proceed to actual hostilities his vessels will stand aloof from the combat. Of course numerous other rumours abound, and there is a general feeling that the Powers are divided, and that the Naval Demonstration after all will prove a *fiasco*. In the meantime, it is reported that the Albanians have forestalled matters by burning Dulcigno.

At Constantinople the Ambassadors, and the German Representative, Count Hatzfeldt, in particular, have been most urgently striving to bring the Sultan to terms, but Abd-ul-Hamid has now taken the bit between his teeth, and not only refuses to listen to their charming, but threatens his own Ministers with deposition and exile if they oppose the course he has adopted. The Ambassadors have replied to the Sultan's letter by a joint Note, pointing out various errors in the historical preamble, rejecting the Sultan's demands, and throwing all responsibility of the future on the Porte. The Sultan has also written to the Emperor of Germany, asking his good offices in the crisis, but the Emperor William declined to interfere, and gently hinted at the solidarity of the Powers, and the necessity of executing the Berlin Treaty.

The crisis is naturally attracting universal attention throughout Europe, almost to the exclusion of other topics. In France, where the Demonstration has ever been unpopular, there is great jubilation over the difficulty with which Admiral Seymour has to contend; while bitter sarcasms on England's action are mingled with devoutly expressed hopes that the horrors of a bombardment might be avoided. As a matter of fact, however, a bombardment of Dulcigno was never intended, as Admiral Seymour decided that, if any hostile intervention should be needed, the guns of the ships should be brought to bear upon Mazara and other fortified positions occupied by Albanians. Only one French paper has lifted up its voice in defence of the Naval Demonstration, the *République Française*, which justly blames the Porte for the present crisis in not holding to engagements solemnly contracted. The Cabinet, however, in a Council on Tuesday decided to maintain the standing instructions to the French Admiral to abstain from all active interference. In other countries there is a manifest disbelief in the efficacy of the Naval Demonstration, and a tendency to let England and Russia—as having the chief interests at stake in the matter—take the lead in settling the difficulty. There is a pretty general feeling, however, that the newest phase of the crisis is not wholly undue to Russian influence.

FRANCE.—There is little news from France proper. The new Ministry, to which M. Choiseul has been joined as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is quietly settling itself to work, and people are speculating on the manner in which M. Constans will enforce the Decrees against the religious Orders. It is stated that he will begin with those not recognised by the Vatican, and next, under the law of 1849, disperse those mainly composed of foreigners, and finally attack the remainder. The Tribunal des Conflits, before which the appeal of the Jesuits against their expulsion will be heard, will meet next month. Only a languid interest, however, is felt even in this burning question just now, as both parties are reserving their energies for the time of action. M. Barthelémy St. Hilaire's circular to the foreign Powers has been well received, in which he announces that there will be no new departure in the foreign policy of the country "inaugurated by the wisdom of M. Thiers." The whole Ministry, however, is only looked upon as a stopgap until the reassembling of the Chambers. Many journals have been urging that the Chambers should be immediately convened, but there is no likelihood of the Ministry taking this step. M. Gambetta is loudly blamed by his opponents for making and unmaking Ministries without himself coming to the front, and it is said that President Grévy is somewhat annoyed with the "Young Dictator," as he may now truly be called, though some would-be wits prefer the name of the "Republican Warwick."

The Royalists have been holding high festival this week to celebrate the sixtieth birthday and the fiftieth year of exile of the Comte de Chambord, and on Wednesday masses were said in the churches, and numerous *fêtes* and banquets have been given in honour of the anniversary both in Paris and the provinces. An address has also been signed to the Comte, affirming the unalterable devotion of the signatories to the House of France, declaring that Henri V. alone "can secure the future and restore the confidence which enables the worker to gain an honest livelihood," and that they drink the health of "him whom God gave us, and whom God will restore to us."

PARIS is still anxious about the evil odours which render a walk through the streets anything but agreeable; and, in order to ascertain whether they emanate from the soil, a quantity of the earth has been analysed by the Academy of Science. Nothing, however, was found which would in the least account for the smells which have recently created so much alarm, and people have gone back to the old hypothesis that they are wafted from certain objectionable factories in the outlying districts.—A curious accident happened on Sunday morning in a sewer where five men were suffocated by a sudden rush of foul air, owing, it is said, to the illegal emptying of the contents of a cesspool into the sewer by some workmen. An inquiry is being made, and the culprits, if found guilty, will be severely punished.—As is well known, Parisian juries often object in murder cases to bring in a verdict of guilty without the

"extenuating circumstances" which exempt the culprit from the penalty of death, yet in a trial for attempted murder the prisoner was found simply guilty, and was accordingly sentenced to death, in the hearing of his victim, now in good health.—M. Félix Pyat continues his abuse of the French Government, and holds up the English Parliament to general admiration and imitation. As for the French Deputies, they are 750 deaf mutes, idiots, and fools, dupes and traitors, to whom the "Sovereign People" earning three francs a day pay a daily salary of twenty-five.—The theatrical season is now vigorously recommencing, and on Tuesday the Gymnase reopened with Sardou's *Papillonne* and *Nina la Tulleuse*, a one-act piece in verse, in which there are twenty-six characters, not counting various supernumeraries in the form of porters, passers by, &c. At the Chateau d'Eau a new five-act drama by M. Edouard Philippe, *Casque en Fer*, has been produced.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck, having failed to make any impression upon the Socialists by rigorous measures, has concluded to try if something can be done to allay the existing discontent, by introducing a little Socialism into the Prussian Constitution. He now contemplates a Bill which aims at the formation of a State Working Men's Assurance and Mutual Assistance Society, to which not only all labourers, but also all labour-givers, should be bound to contribute. The main feature of the scheme, the Berlin correspondent of *The Times* tells us, would consist in its universality and its compulsion.—The appointment of M. Barthelémy St. Hilaire to the Foreign Ministry in France has given great satisfaction in Germany, and his eminently pacific Circular has been warmly welcomed.

The Emperor is now better, and has gone to Baden-Baden, where the Empress is also staying. His Majesty will be present at the reopening of Cologne Cathedral on the 15th inst. Great preparations are being made in that city for the ceremony, which is expected to be exceedingly brilliant. Amongst other distinguished personages, the King of Saxony, who is a Roman Catholic, will attend.—The Congress of German authors and journalists is now sitting at Weimar.

RUSSIA.—The Dulcigno imbroglio apart, the chief topic of the day is the Chinese Question. A Treaty is to be negotiated in Peking, but while thus making arrangements to ensure peace, the Russians are by no means neglecting preparations in the event of a war, and have already spent more than a million sterling towards this object. Moreover, the negotiations may possibly be affected by the death of Prince Kung's wife, which will oblige that diplomatist to retire from office for a year, and as he is the chief advocate for peace the chances of a pacific solution are by no means bettered.

General Todleben has received another mark of Imperial favour, as it is said that he will be appointed Inspector-General of the Engineer Department (a post hitherto held by the Grand Duke Nicholas), as well as the substitute of the Commander-in-Chief in the St. Petersburg Military District, who is the Czarévitch.—A serious fire broke out among some hay barges on the Neva on the 27th inst. The shipping was greatly endangered, and intense excitement prevailed; but owing to the exertions of the river police, who piloted the flaming heaps of hay clear of the vessels, very little damage was done.

ITALY.—General Garibaldi and his son Menotti have resigned their seats in the Chamber of Deputies, stating in a letter announcing this step that they are unable to remain Deputies in a country where "liberty is trodden under foot." The real reason, however, is thought to be the arrest of the General's son-in-law, Major Canzio, which has excited the wrath of the Radical party.

The Public Monument in Rome to King Victor Emmanuel is to be thrown open to competition amongst sculptors of all nations. Models should be sent in for competition between September 25 and October 25, 1881, and the only stipulation is that the cost shall not exceed 350,000*l.* Three prizes for the best design will be given, the first being 2,000*l.*, the second 1,200*l.*, and the third 800*l.*—On Wednesday the new ironclad *Italia*, the largest in the world, was launched at Castellamare, in the presence of the King and Cabinet. The English ironclads, H.M.S. *Monarch* and *Thunderer*, were also present.

The Vatican is indulging in a controversy with the Hungarian clergy on the subject of mixed marriages, which the Pope has forbidden, even if it is arranged that the children shall be brought up Roman Catholics. The Hungarian clergy resent this interference, and declare that the Pope is playing into the hands of the Protestants.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Whether Candahar is or is not to be abandoned continues to excite much discussion, but the general feeling is that to do so at present would be to leave the unfortunate city to fall a prey to the chief who could obtain the most followers. Sir F. Roberts is at Quetta, where he still exercises complete control over the troops in Southern Afghanistan, with Generals Ross, Primrose, and Phayre commanding divisions under him. The battle-field of Maiwand has been now carefully searched, and it would appear that while the artillery fought like heroes, and the 66th stubbornly, the latter were well supported by the Grenadiers. Some side issues of the disaster have been officially investigated, and two officers are under arrest.

At Cabul—whence, by the way, news now takes a fortnight to arrive in lieu of twenty-four hours—Ayoub's defeat is said to have produced a most quieting effect. Sirdar Fakir Khan, who circulated a rumour that General Roberts had been defeated and captured by Ayoub, has been so severely flogged that his life is in danger. A number of fugitive officers and men from Ayoub's army have arrived at Cabul, and have made their submission to the Ameer, who is now apparently firmly established on the throne. He has married a new wife, and talks of visiting India. As for Ayoub, he is said to have fled to Seistan. A separate war medal is to be granted to our troops for Afghanistan, and the Queen has asked for consideration the names of British officers who distinguished themselves during the campaign.

UNITED STATES.—The Presidential electoral struggle is now in full swing, and large meetings are held by the partisans of both candidates. The contest is expected to be exceedingly close. General Hancock, the Democratic candidate, has published a letter strongly denouncing the Southern war claims, and stating that the Federal Government can never pay the debt, nor grant any pension or reward of any sort for war waged upon its own existence. General Grant also made, for him, an unusually long speech, at a mass meeting in Warren, Ohio, in which he declared that the Republicans aimed at the greatest good of the greatest number, and contrasted their virtues with the failings of the wicked Democrats.—The Pan-Presbyterian Council will hold its next session at Belfast in 1884.—The Newfoundland Fishery Question has again come to the front. An American fishing schooner having been boarded by a party of Newfoundlanders, who forbade the crew to continue fishing, and threatened to drive the vessel off. The captain, however, defied them and was not further molested. Several Newfoundlanders are said to have been arrested by the local authorities for unlawful interference with American fishermen.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ROMANIA is still clamouring for a King. She remarks that Germany created an Emperor, England an Empress, and France a Republic without any interference on the part of foreign Powers. Why then should not Roumania, having been declared independent, elevate her prince to regal rank?—There have been two earthquakes in SWITZERLAND, at Morat and Fribourg.—In SOUTH AFRICA there has been some serious fighting—1,200 Basutos attacked Mohales Hoek on the 20th ult., and next day another body attacked Mafeteng. In both cases the rebels were defeated. A strong reinforcement of troops have been despatched from Capetown to restore order.—In NEW SOUTH WALES the Premier, Sir Henry Parkes, has made an important speech

on the rapid progress the Colony has made of late years, and the favourable position which it occupies in the group of Australian settlements. He quoted figures to show the financial and commercial prosperity of New South Wales, and declared that in course of time the Colony would produce "everything that could be wanted for the use of man." The present winter is the driest on record, at least since 1840, when the rainfall observations were first commenced.



THE QUEEN continues to make excursions round Balmoral with the Grand Duke of Hesse and his family. Thus on Saturday the Royal party drove through Braemar to Loch Callater, where they took a long ramble towards the southern end of the loch. Earl Granville arrived during the day as Minister in attendance, and in the evening, as well as Principal Tulloch, dined with Her Majesty, the gentlemen of the Household joining the Royal circle in the evening. On Sunday the Queen and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. Principal Tulloch officiated, and in the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince John of Glücksburg dined with Her Majesty. Next day the Queen drove with the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Beatrice and Irene to Glen Gelder Shiel, while the Grand Duke of Hesse spent the day deer-stalking, and Prince Leopold visited the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge. The Prince returned next day, after joining a picnic to the Falls of Quoich. The Queen has telegraphed to Lord Ripon to express her sympathy with the relatives of those killed in the Naini Tal disaster, and has also sent 100*l.* towards the relief of the sufferers from the recent colliery explosion at Seaham.

The Prince of Wales's visit to Sir R. Harvey at Invermark was somewhat marred by bad weather. During the deer drive, although 500 stags were driven within sight, they were out of range, and only one was killed, but at the grouse drive on Rowan Moors, notwithstanding the drizzling rain, excellent sport was had, over 166 brace of grouse being shot, besides hares, &c. The Prince returned to Abergeldie on Saturday, and next morning attended Divine Service at Crathie Church with the Princess and their daughters and Prince John of Glücksburg. On Monday the Prince left again to stay with the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, where a torchlight ball took place in the evening. On Tuesday there was a deer drive in the North Deeside Forest. The Prince, as Grand Master of the Freemasons, has accepted an invitation to a grand masonic banquet at the Mansion House on October 25th. Princes Albert-Victor and George arrived at Ferrol on Monday, and leave for Vigo to-day (Saturday).

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned from Germany early on Monday morning, after spending a few days in Paris on their way home. In the evening they went to the Lyceum Theatre, and on Tuesday morning went home to Bagshot Park for the Duke to assume the command of the Third Infantry Brigade at Aldershot on the following day.—Princess Christian will open a bazaar in aid of the Brighton Female Orphan Asylum at the Pavilion on the 20th inst.—The Duke of Cambridge, who returned to London from the Continent on Thursday, has been decorated by the Emperor of Germany with the Grand Cross of the Royal Order of the House of Hohenzollern.—The Duke and Duchess of Teck are staying in Scotland with the Earl of Hopetoun.

The Queen of Spain and her baby are going on well, and Saturday was kept as an official holiday in honour of the little Infanta, being the *fête* day of her patron saint, Santa Mercedes. The King and Queen have given audience to the Papal Nuncio, who presented Pope Leo's gift to the Infanta Mercedes, a satin and lace robe embroidered with the Papal and Spanish arms, and enclosed in a marble and ebony casket. The robe was made by noble Roman ladies at the Pope's request.—The King and Queen of Denmark are staying at Gmunden with their daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland.—The marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria and Princess Stéphanie of Belgium will probably take place at the end of February next.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has bought the Farnborough Hill estate in Hampshire, close to the border of Surrey, the property being about 257 acres in extent, with a picturesque house built some eighteen years ago. The ex-Empress will not enter into possession before January, and will build on the estate a memorial chapel to contain the bodies of her husband and son.



THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—The Church Congress opened its twentieth annual session at Leicester on Tuesday, under the most favourable auspices. The attendance of members is large, and the people of Leicester gave them a hearty welcome. Preceding the business of the Congress, services were held at most of the Leicester churches, among the preachers being the Archbishop of York and the Dean of Llandaff. The Inaugural Address was delivered by the President, the Bishop of Peterborough. A paper by the Rev. Canon Barry on "The Religious Condition of the Nation as represented by the Upper Classes of Society," was read by the Rev. Canon Vaughan, and discussed by a number of clergymen and laymen. The number and variety of subjects on the programme for discussion by the Congress is bewildering. Among others may be mentioned: "A Consideration of the Relation of the Greek and other Eastern Churches to the Church of England," "The Church in Relation to the Organisation of Labour," "Pauperism," "Trades Unions," "The Temperance Question," "The Internal Unity of the Church," "The Duty of the Church as regards Civil Laws relating to Marriage and Divorce," "Foreign Missions," besides many other subjects of social and theological importance. The President in his opening address expressed the hope that the laity would take vigorous part in the discussions, but warned all, clerical and lay, to avoid vague rhetoric and declamation which are apt in discussion to take the place of argument, and to keep steadily in view the practical results aimed at by the Congress.

THE PRIMATE ON CATHEDRALS.—Some one a short time ago in one of the magazines wittily compared our cathedrals under the Protestant use to the shell of a dead lobster taken possession of by a periwinkle; while with the Roman Catholic service the lobster is alive, each cranny of the shell fulfilling its function. The Archbishop of Canterbury in his Visitation of the Dean and Chapter of the Canterbury Cathedral last Saturday, insisted on the need of bringing the preaching and the services in our cathedrals more in conformity with the wants of the present time. He expressed his ardent desire to make the cathedrals more and more the centres of religious life, instancing the example which had been set of late by St. Paul's Cathedral. The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the condition of the various cathedral bodies are drawing up new statutes for the regulation of cathedrals, in place of those that have become obsolete. He thought the cathedral body in Canter-

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bury might do more than had been done to improve the administration of the different parishes which clustered round the cathedral. Before his Grace's address, which was delivered at the close of the usual morning service, the whole of the members of the cathedral body, from the Dean and Chapter down to the chorister boys, headsmen, and bell-ringers, a list of whose names was called, assembled in the south transept.

FREE AND OPEN CHURCHES.—Before the meeting of the Church Congress, referred to above, a crowded meeting, chiefly of the laity, was held in Leicester, under the presidency of Earl Nelson, in support of this movement, at which several excellent addresses were delivered, and sensible resolutions agreed to. The meeting had nothing to do with any party movement, but, as the noble President explained, was supported by persons of all views. The Bishop of Nottingham moved that churches should be thrown open to all comers, and that the pew system, which tended to exclude many, should be abolished as detrimental to the spiritual requirements of the people. Resolutions were also carried in favour of having open and free access of all at all times to every church in the land, thus giving an opportunity for privacy in crowded neighbourhoods to those who might not be able to find it in their own homes.

THE BURIALS ACT.—The Dean of Chester has written an interesting letter to *The Times* this week, expressing his belief that, so far from the admission of Nonconformist rites to the churchyards being any disadvantage to the Church of England, the absolute contrary is the fact. He thinks that in no way is the flow of Dis-senters into the Church more likely to be arrested than by associating personal discontent with domestic bereavement. He calls upon all lovers of the Church of England not only to tolerate but to welcome the change in the law, and especially deprecates any hostile demonstration against recent legislative action at the present meeting of the Church Congress.—The first interment under the new Act took place on Tuesday at Upchurch, near Sittingbourne. The corpse was that of a child belonging to the Peculiar People. An elder offered up a prayer and a hymn was sung.

THE SALVATION ARMY seem determined to have themselves recognised as a branch of the Church Militant. Last Saturday evening, as they were holding a service at Portsmouth, some soldiers created a disturbance. On attempting to eject them a fight ensued, resulting in wounded heads, a visit to the hospital, and the calling in of the police.

MR. SPURGEON was again unable to preach at the Tabernacle last Sunday, in consequence of ill-health. A letter from him was read in the congregation, asking for their prayers on his behalf.

THE FOUNDER OF HOSPITAL SUNDAY.—Perhaps the most appropriate memorial that could have been devised for the late Canon Miller, D.D., who was the first to suggest the establishment of Hospital Sunday, is that of erecting a "Miller Memorial Hospital," to promote which a meeting was held a few days ago in Greenwich. Some interesting facts as to the distribution of the Hospital Sunday Fund were mentioned at the meeting. The movement has spread to the colonies, to India, and America. More than one-fifth of the income of the larger general hospitals, metropolitan and provincial, it was stated, come from the Hospital Sunday collections, the total amount raised each year for medical charities from this source exceeding 120,000l. It was estimated that 5,000l. would be required for the erection of the proposed Miller Memorial Hospital. No site was fixed upon, but it was shown that no general hospital existed on the south side of the Thames between Gravesend and London. Mr. H. C. Burdett, of the Greenwich Seamen's Hospital, Mr. W. Bristow, and the Rev. D. Keith, M.A., were appointed hon. secretaries of the fund, and were authorised by the meeting to prepare circulars and receive subscriptions, which can also be sent to the credit of the "Miller Memorial Hospital Fund," at any of the branches of the London and County Bank.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Messrs. Gatti have brought their series of concerts successfully to an end. The "Humorous" programme was not only given three times last week, but repeated for two special occasions on Monday and Tuesday last. A very happy change in the selection was the *Kinder-Sinfonie* of Haydn, in lieu of the *Toy-Symphony* of Romberg—a spontaneous ebullition of humour for a dry and laboured attempt. The most genuine humorists have always been the greatest men; and this holds good from Shakespeare down to Haydn and Mozart—not forgetting Beethoven, who, when in the mood, could be as humorous as any of them. The brilliant Russian pianist, Madame Annette Essipoff, appeared every night last week—except on Saturday, the "benefit" of the Directors. Highly as she was esteemed before, she has risen still higher in the opinion of English amateurs and connoisseurs. But irreproachable as have, without exception, been her performances, whether in the "classic" or *ad captandum* school, the acme was reached by her marvellous execution of Schumann's Concerto in A, which Madame Schumann herself, the gifted widow of the gifted composer, has never in our remembrance surpassed. It was perfection. Madame Essipoff, as is her custom, played without book. But that mattered little; her own mind was the book, and the spirit of Schumann governed it. Mendelssohn kissed the hands of Marie Pleyel, after listening to her performance of his G minor Concerto, at the Leipzig Gewandhaus; Schumann, had he been alive and present, might with equal propriety have kissed the hands of Madame Essipoff. The engagement of this accomplished lady, in fact, conferred unwonted *éclat* on the last week of the season. All the pledges of Messrs. Gatti having been fulfilled, and their concerts more or less fully reported week by week, it only remains to compliment them on their well-merited success, and to add a special word of praise for their conductor, Mr. F. H. Cowen, who, by his judiciously considered programmes, strict adherence to the plan of the so-denominated "Classical Nights," and impartial encouragement of such composers who may in future exercise a certain influence upon native art, has won for himself deserved consideration.

POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERTS.—A new series of Promenade Concerts begins this evening at Covent Garden Theatre, under the direction of the well known *entrepreneur*, Mr. Samuel Hayes. The prospectus gives it plainly to be understood that we are to expect less "classical" than "popular" music. That we shall have good music and a good orchestra, however, may be gathered from the fact that our eminent English conductor, Mr. Weist Hill, is engaged as general superintendent. The dance music, too, which is to be made a special feature, could not be entrusted to more competent hands than those of Herr Gungl, whose cordial reception here, some years ago, must be well remembered. "National Festivals," with choral and ballad music of various kinds, not merely English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, but French and German, are to constitute prominent features on special occasions, the choir being that founded and trained by Mr. Weist Hill himself. Jullien's never-to-be-forgotten "British Army Quadrille" is announced for "every Saturday night," and among the most interesting of the "novelties," we are promised an orchestral symphony entitled "Roma," the

only work of the kind which Georges Bizet, composer of *La Jolie Fille de Perth* and the universally popular *Carmen*, has bequeathed to art.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—These admirable entertainments, so well and zealously directed by Mr. August Manns, will be resumed a week hence, beginning the twenty-fifth season with a programme full of interest. The prospectus just issued is stocked with good things; and as the directors of the Crystal Palace musical department are noted for doing what they pledge themselves to do, a series of concerts may be expected equal in variety of attraction to any of its precursors. Among the pieces to be given for the first time are a symphony, entitled *Summer*, by that astonishingly prolific composer, Joachim Raff; another by Schubert (in D major), an early work of course; a *scherzo*, by Cherubini, the one in G minor from his E flat quartet, we may presume, and a serenade by Mozart, which will most probably turn out to be *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* (in G), composed originally as a quartet (both for the whole body of stringed instruments in the orchestra); an orchestral suite, entitled *Roma* (which Mr. Weist Hill announces as a symphony), by Georges Bizet; overtures by Schubert and Walter Macfarren; and, last not least, a MS. symphony by Sterndale Bennett—which "it is hoped may be produced." Of course the acknowledged repertory of great works, by the execution of which, under the direction of Mr. Manns, the Crystal Palace orchestra has earned fame both at home and abroad, will be largely drawn upon; but these must speak, as they have so often spoken, for themselves. That the services of artists of the first class, vocal and instrumental, are engaged it is almost superfluous to add. At the opening concert the first important novelty, Raff's *Summer* Symphony, will be introduced, the pianist being Madame Montigny Rémaury, who, among other things, is put down for Schumann's *Concertstück* in G, a work but seldom heard in public, and the vocalist Mrs. Osgood.

WAIFS.—Anton Rubinstein has written a new symphony, which it is hoped will be quite as good, if not quite so long, as his *Ocean*.—Mlle. Caroline Salla, so well remembered, and so much regretted, by frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre, has again left Paris for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the winter season. Why Mr. Mapleson allowed so attractive an artist as this lady to slip out of his hands puzzles connoisseurs.—The new theatre in Frankfurt on the Maine had, the other day, a narrow escape from being burnt to the ground, owing to the carelessness of some workmen. By great exertions, however, the fire was extinguished, although a large quantity of wood-work was destroyed. The opening, at which the Emperor of Germany will be present, is announced for the 19th inst.—Wagner's attack of erysipelas has been cured without the journey to Gräfenberg, recommended by his medical advisers. The date of his return from Naples to Bayreuth is not yet settled.—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose claims to distinction are well known in this country, is about to undertake another winter-tour in Germany, and is already engaged to play at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, where, with Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in C minor, she created so marked a sensation not very long ago.—Sir Julius and Lady Benedict have returned to London from Stuttgart.—Madame Christine Nilsson is daily expected in England to fulfill her engagements at Manchester, Birmingham, Brighton (Mr. Kube's annual grand concert), &c.—Mr. Mapleson, with Madame Gerster and other leading members of his company, has sailed for America. The New York Italian opera season will begin early this month.—Miss Bessie Richards has returned from Aix-les-Bains, where she played with great success in two concerts, at one of which M. Coquelin, from the Théâtre Français, gave some dramatic recitals.—Rossini's charming opera, *Le Conte Ory* (which has been in preparation for more than a year, together with *Le Philtre* of Auber) is now completely ready. The first new work of consequence at the Grand Opéra will be Gounod's long-expected *Tribut de Zamora*.—The Marquis d'Ivry, not satisfied with the frigid reception accorded to his *Amants de Verone* (Romeo and Juliet), has composed another opera, *L'Armurier du Roi*, of which he has also written the libretto. The subject is taken from one of the stories of De Balzac.—Miss Kellogg, the American soprano, now singing at the Opera in Vienna, is highly spoken of by some of the local papers.



THE TURF.—There is no month in the year when racing is more enjoyable than September, providing it keeps up its meteorological tradition of being a happy medium between heat and cold. With the exception of part of the Doncaster Meeting it has done so, and at no gathering has the weather been more thoroughly delightful than on Newmarket Heath during the present week. The First October Meeting so called, though it falls in September, which opens the series of autumn trysts at the head-quarters of the Turf where considerably over a thousand horses are in training, is always anticipated with pleasure, for though no great handicaps are decided at it the various weight-for-age races always produce some interesting contests, and speculations as to the Cesarewitch to be decided a fortnight hence supply an abundance of excitement. Backers did not open the ball favourably by preferring Cradle to Carnethy for the Trial Stakes, and it was a terrible blow to them to see an outsider like Rycerski win the Triennial Produce Stakes after laying 2 to 1 on Jessie Agnes, whose wretched performance, by the way, seems to put her entirely out of court for the big handicap of the next meeting. They were right, however, in laying odds on The Abbot for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, as his two opponents, Milan and Edelweiss, could hardly make him gallop, the bad third of the latter causing him also to join the increasing number of disgraced Cesarewitch favourites. The Abbot has thus at last broken his spell of ill-luck in running second and third in important races; and the game little horse now bids fair not only to remain one of the most popular favourites for the Cesarewitch, but to take a very prominent part in the race. The meeting of Robert the Devil and Bend Or in the Great Foal Stakes was an event in itself alone worth a journey to Newmarket to witness, and though five unpenalised animals contested the valuable stakes with them, it was on all hands considered a match between the winners of the Derby and St. Leger, who each carried an extra 7lb. The betting of more than 6 to 4 on Robert and 9 to 4 against Bend Or showed that the general belief was that the St. Leger victory of Robert was a truer indication of their respective merits than his head defeat by Bend Or in the Derby; but the race on Tuesday last almost leaves it a drawn battle between them, Robert only winning by a head after a most exciting finish. There are not a few who think that the Duke of Westminster's colt ought to have won, as he "pecked" in the race, and swerved and stumbled a bit a few strides from the Judge's box. It is hardly fair, however, to urge such excuses, but, at the same time, his running this week proves incontestably that his St. Leger performance was not his true form. Lamprey, in a field of thirteen, pulled his backers through for the First Nursery, and thus endorsed his Doncaster victory. The Thirty-Second Triennial brought out a smartish field of six three-year-olds, of whom Mask was made favourite, but was beaten by Zealot on the post by a head. A baker's dozen put in an appearance for the Great Eastern Handicap, in which Sutler, the first favourite, once more disappointed his supporters, neither he nor the

two next most fancied, Hackthorpe and Lincolnshire, securing a place. The winner turned up in Lord Hastings' Fire King, who started at the remunerative odds of 10 to 1.—Speculation on the Cesarewitch has naturally been very lively at Newmarket during the week, and at the time of writing, the Abbot stands as first favourite at 9 to 1, with Robert the Devil strongly supported at a point more; Isonomy, who has so long headed the quotations, having receded very considerably. The race promises to be one of the most interesting handicaps run for years.

CRICKET.—The season comes to a conclusion amid unusual excitement in consequence of the important games played by the Australians against Nottinghamshire and a representative eleven of Professionals at the Crystal Palace. In the first match the champion English county only managed to beat our visitors by one wicket, thanks mainly to Shrewsbury, who scored in his second innings 66 (not out). At the Crystal Palace the Players, who were about as strong an eleven as could possibly be selected, could do but little against the fielding and bowling of their opponents, scoring only 90 and 82. The Australians, however, only managed to win by two wickets amidst a scene of excitement and enthusiasm, in which both victors and vanquished received most hearty applause. The Australians have thus concluded their campaign in their very best form, and they are to be heartily congratulated on the excellent all-round cricket they have exhibited among us, especially when we remember that they have been deprived of the bowling services of Spofforth in several of their recent and most important matches. The dinner to be given to them by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House will be a most appropriate termination to their visit, which happily ends more auspiciously than it began. The death of Mr. G. F. Grace may be truly said to have cast a gloom over the whole cricketing world. Some reference to his career, so sadly cut short in its very prime, will be found in another column.

AQUATICS.—Hanlan, the Canadian, who during the past week has been hard at work on the Tyne, has arrived in London, and commenced practice on the Thames on Tuesday last for his Championship match with Tricket.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The fifth six-days' contest for the Long Distance Championship of the World is definitely fixed to commence at the Agricultural Hall on November 1.

THE MOONLIT HARVEST IN SCOTLAND

The harvest moon on high is softly beaming,
My trellis'd window sparkles in her light;
The aspen-poplar leaves are faintly gleaming—
The treasure-laden fields are silver-white.
I hear the clang of reaper-horses prancing,
From gloaming till the dawn of sunny morn;
But see no more the wonted sickles glancing
Of merry maidens singing in the corn.

Yet, from my little cottage lattice gazing
On Luna-lighted Ceres as of yore,
My voice a song of gratitude is raising,
Whatever hands be gathering her store.
But while I hear the rapid reaper crashing
Till morning shows the teeming acres shorn;
I sigh for nights of crescent-sickles flashing,
And merry maidens singing in the corn.

GEORGE ROBERTSON



BREAD AND POTATOES.—Not only is the wheat harvest in England a good four million quarters better than it was last year, but the potato crop is a decidedly good one, despite a certain amount of disease. The consumption of potatoes is always large whenever prices allow of its being so, because the poor think much more of potatoes than of bread. The beggar tells you he has had nothing but a "hard crust," and considers this a fair bid for relief; but he would never dream of alleging a "solitary dish of potatoes" as a reason for alms. The English people are fairly clever with their cookery of the potato, which is generally eaten hot, is always cooked and appears, even at the poorest tables, in quite a variety of forms. But bread they have no way of dealing with. The ingenious bakery of the French, the appetising excellence of bread in Spain, the macaroni and vermicelli of the Italian; all these are unknown to the English poor, who connect bread with hard fare, and never eat it when they can get anything else. Potatoes are now offered at 2l. a ton against 8l. a ton for wheat.

"SWANS AND ANGLERS."—Fishing is an ancient pastime. Its praises have been chanted in black letter, and by Ælian, who was an ancient to the writers in black letter. It is an artistic pastime. Many fishing pictures adorn the walls of our leading picture galleries, and painters not unfrequently combine the "gentle craft" with their more proper vocation. For these reasons we grieve to find a difference between Piscator and Æsthetes. "The Turks must go," "The Jesuits must go," "The Chinese must go;" these are cries which disturb not the lover of Beauty and Art "for their own sakes." But now we have quite another cry, "The swans must go." The journal of the craft says so, and Thames anglers seem getting quite furious against the bird which of all river birds has become the very part and parcel of poetry and of romance. Anglers say that the swans not only interrupt their fishing, but being in the water, and being able to keep their eyes open under water, have an unfair advantage of the talking biped. This may be, but the other side should also be stated. After all, there are more anglers on the Thames than swans, and since anybody's best right to be anywhere is the pleasure or advantage he affords others by being there, which, we may ask, more adorns the river, the average angler or the average swan? Which is more at home there, the being who creeps among the rushes and floats in the ugly oblong punt, or the white-plumaged, proudly-sailing creature which passes, a dream of beauty, between islet and islet, between lock and lock?

LEWES SHEEP FAIR was spoilt to a great extent by heavy local rains, but 23,000 sheep were shown against 28,000 in 1879, 24,000 in 1878, and 22,300 in 1877. Sheep ranged in price from 38s. to 60s., lambs from 22s. to 45s. In 1879 piglets were about the same for sheep; rather lower for lambs—300 lambs were sold by Mr. Pearson, of Erringham, at 39s. a head, but the average price was considerably lower than this. Mr. Cheale, of Southover, Lewes, exhibited an improved Sussex turn-wrist wheel plough, with which we were well pleased as an exceedingly handy implement; but, as a rule, the implement show was very poor.

SUSSEX STOCK.—Two small but good sales of Sussex stock are fixed for the 7th and 12th October respectively. The sales will take place at Beckles; the first is of 54, the second of 180 beasts. Both herds are of real excellence; the bulls especially should not be overlooked.

SHORTHORNS continue to be in demand for export, the most recent purchases which have come under our notice having been for shipment to Buenos Ayres.

(Continued on page 334)



THE LATE G. F. GRACE (CRICKETER)
Died Sept. 22, aged 29



MR. T. H. M. STRATTON
Manager of the Pit at Seaham Colliery, where the recent Explosion took place



BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. R. S. BURROWS



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. M. PRIMROSE, C.S.I.



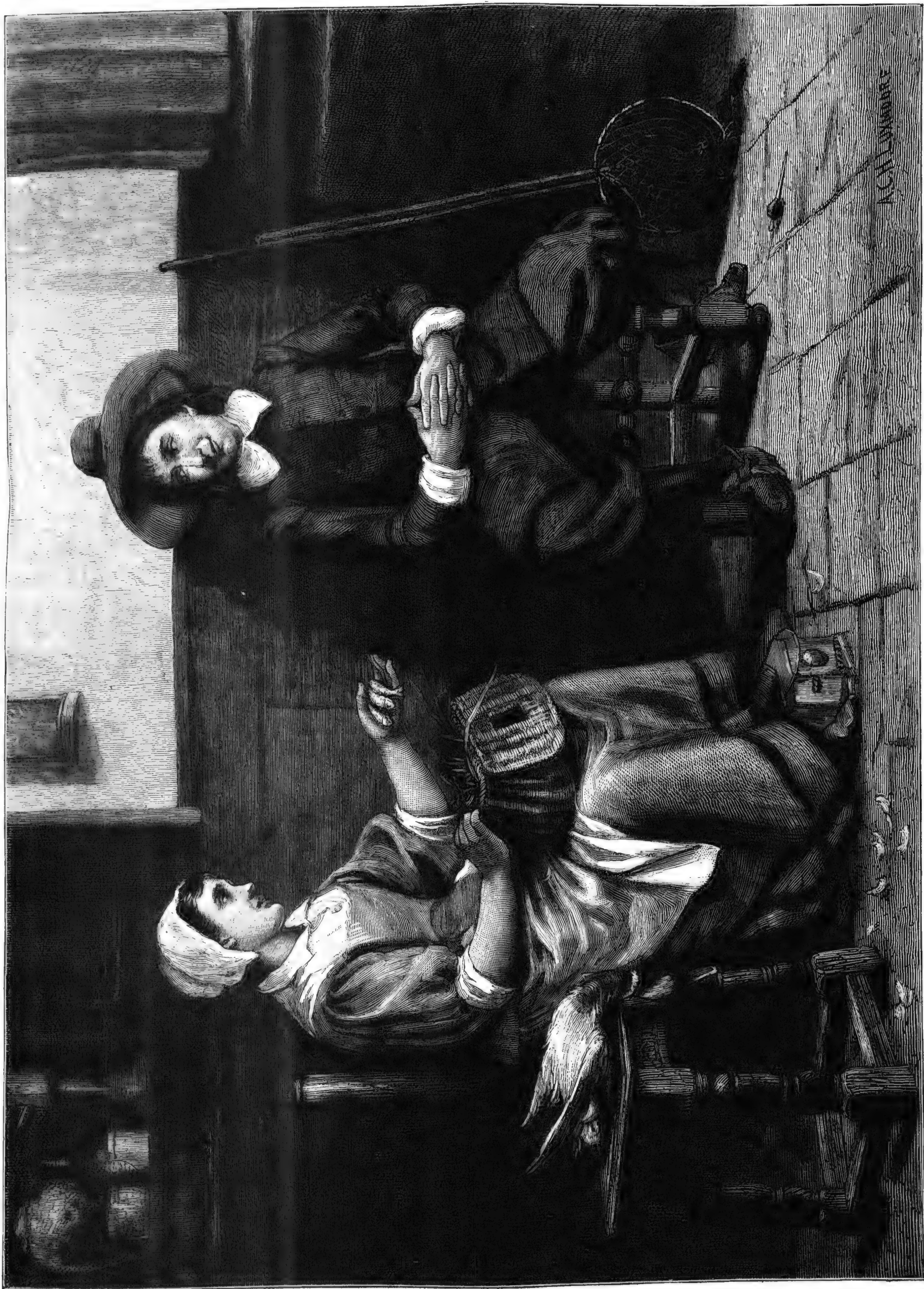
MAJOR-GENERAL R. PHAYRE, C.B.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN WATSON, V.C., C.B.



CAPT. H. F. SMITH (JACOB'S RIFLES)
Killed in Action at Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



"ANGLING"
FROM THE PICTURE BY A. C. H. LUXMOORE, EXHIBITED IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY

My Luck

THE STORY OF A FORTUNATE MAN
IN FOUR CHAPTERS

I.

I WAS an only child, my name was Orlando Pybell, and my father's name was Orlando Pybell also. My father had an only brother, and he—Marmaduke Pybell—had likewise an only son, who was indeed his only child, named after himself, as I had been named after my father, and so there was a young Marmaduke Pybell. This little family statement the reader must be good enough to bear in mind; there are no more relatives to play any important parts in my story, so that the genealogy, or whatever it is, is not very complicated. When I was born, and—as we were of nearly the same age to a day,—when my cousin Marmaduke was born, my paternal grandfather was still alive, although ailing, and was indeed, as I have heard since, a peevish, irritable old man.

The two brothers lived very near to each other, only a few doors in a very quiet street of a quiet old provincial town separating them, and they were on very good terms with each other. These particulars I of course learnt later in my life, when I had good cause for inquiring particularly into the matter. The only cause of variance was a very serious one, and it speaks much for the sense and mutual forbearance of the brothers that it was never allowed to grow to an overwhelming height—I give most of the credit of this to my father, as Marmaduke Pybell never appeared to be a gentle, amiable, or liberal-minded man. My father had displeased and disappointed his father, and such relatives as he had, in his marriage. He had fallen in love with a very beautiful girl whom he met during a holiday in Ireland, and before his return he had actually married her. Of course an Irish bride, or a Japanese one, for the matter of that, might have been the most eligible one in the world, but his friends could never quite like my father's wife, nor do I think she ever liked them. She was not exactly an Irish girl; she was more like a gipsy or Spaniard, and I believe spoke English with some little difficulty at first, and although a devoted wife, and although her husband's affection for her seemed to increase during the whole of their union, she certainly never quite "took to" his friends. Yet there was a moderate amount of outward friendship, at any rate, among them; just enough, I suppose, to be respectable.

There came over from Ireland with my mother, or joined her soon after, a tall dark woman who was called Honora, with much the same half-foreign characteristics as my mother, and, indeed, it was understood that she was a relation; how near the kindred was, I never knew, but I think she was her foster-sister as well, and if so, I am prepared to believe all the wild tales of devotion said often to be exhibited by foster-sisters and brothers.

Honora was my nurse when an infant, my attendant and guardian as I grew older; I never had any complaint to make of her, but I certainly never experienced any of the devotion and love which she lavished on my mother. The lightest wish of the latter was law, and I can remember, young as I was, thinking that Honora behaved to her mistress more like a very faithful dog than like any servant I had ever seen; and I remember, too, my mother finding fault with Honora, on several occasions, for her indifference to me. This lecture was always followed by a brief increase of attention, but we soon slid back to our previous state.

While I was still in Honora's charge, in fact before I was three years old, my grandfather died, and he showed his disapproval of my father's conduct by his will. He left the whole of his fortune, about twenty-five thousand pounds, to his son Marmaduke, with the absolute reversion to his son, my cousin. To my father was left nothing; his name was not even mentioned in the document, which would have been strange, as a thorough reconciliation had apparently been effected, only that the will was dated immediately after the marriage became known. It was not a just will, everybody owned that, as the old gentleman had made ample provision in his lifetime for Marmaduke; but so it was.

My mother felt that this loss was owing to her, and grieved a great deal over it, both for my father's sake and for mine, but Honora in this one matter would not sympathise with her, and refused even to appear anxious on my account. Yet I always heard that my mother by no means grudged little Marmaduke his inheritance, for she was remarkably fond of the child, and was continually having him brought to her, when she would caress and fondle him as much as she did myself.

To be brief here, my mother died while I was yet very young, and my father being less attached to Honora than she had been, or perhaps being not quite satisfied with her management of myself, engaged a fresh nurse, and allowed Honora a small annuity, enough to keep her from want, for he was a prosperous man, although not nearly so rich as his brother. He naturally supposed that the nurse would return to her home, but to his surprise, and, I think, a little to his annoyance, she chose to settle down in the outskirts of our town, where, however, we seldom saw anything of her.

I was very fond of my cousin Marmaduke, and, indeed, what coolness there was between the families during my mother's life, did not extend to the children, for, as I have intimated, he and his little nurse were almost as often at my house as their own, and Honora used very largely to superintend them, displaying an interest in the baby—for such he was then—as quite won the heart of Mrs. Marmaduke, who was a sad invalid, and unable to give any attention to her little boy. When we grew older we were very much together. A slight lameness under which I suffered did not prevent me from joining in the sports which delighted my cousin, although it prevented me from ever taking the lead in them,—a fact which perhaps endeared me the more to him, for he was rather of an overbearing disposition. However, I soon got over my lameness, which was never very bad, though a limp, scarcely perceptible, has remained with me all my life. But as we grew still older, things changed, and year by year I saw less of my cousin, until at last he was placed at a first-rate school, as became his prospects, and I was sent off to one of somewhat lower pretensions.

Just about this time my father died, and I was left under the guardianship of Mr. Polyfee, one of the old solicitors in our town. My father left me a small but sufficient capital, and in a letter addressed to me, which was found after his decease, urged me to adopt some profession, and recommended me, if I thought I could like it, to follow that of my new guardian; but this was not to my taste. I had always loved an out-of-door life, and finding how strongly my inclination ran that way, Mr. Polyfee, who was a very genial and kindly old lawyer, gave way to my wish, and it was decided I should be a farmer. After a time a suitable opening presented itself, and I entered the household of Mr. Broadridge, a jolly, typical, English sort of farmer, who lived about a dozen miles out of our town, and there I resided, Mr. Polyfee stipulating, however, that I should dine with him at least once every week that he might see how I got on. I "got on" remarkably well, for I liked the trade, the farmer was a splendid old fellow, his son Dick and I became fast friends, while I fell over head and ears in love with Rose Broadridge, his only daughter. Rose Constance Broadridge was her name in full, and I thought they were the sweetest syllables ever strung together.

Does any one know whether shy men are more prone to fall in love than other people? I think they are. It is true they do not

talk about it, but they do it. I have not stopped to detail my boyish life, but I was dreadfully shy, and I never, as a rule, entered a house without falling in love with somebody in it. This time, however, I felt there was a difference, and that at last I had recognised my polar star.

I used to enjoy my weekly dinners with Mr. Polyfee, who always treated me with great kindness, and I fancied that, as I grew older, his manner became still kinder. One trivial incident, or the same incident repeated, attracted my attention for several times on my looking round at the old gentleman, as we sat after dinner, I found his eyes fixed on me with a very strange expression, and he seemed about to say something, but he checked himself. This occurred so often that I was sure I was not mistaken, indeed, more than once he did begin to speak, but turned the sound into a cough. I wondered what it was he had to say, but conscience pointing to Rose Broadridge, I decided to make no inquiry into the matter.

I once or twice saw my old nurse, Honora, who, I was sorry to find, was not doing very well; she still lived in her little cottage, and with her still lived the sister who had come over from Ireland. As Honora had been in bad health, and her income was small for one person, and certainly insufficient for the maintenance of two, they were in straitened circumstances. I called on her several times, and offered her assistance, which she accepted with more reluctance than I should have expected, and at last it was refused with a harshness which was at once rude and ungrateful. As I always gave her credit for being a little crazy, I naturally attributed this conduct to that cause, but I was more than a little hurt when I heard, through one of Mr. Polyfee's clerks, that after refusing my assistance, she had actually applied to my cousin for help, and that, after some little delay, he had assisted her. I determined then to let the self-willed woman take her own way.

I have just mentioned one of Mr. Polyfee's clerks, and it is not the only time I shall have to speak of him. This particular clerk was named Chipp, and was an elderly man, having been a good many years with his employer, who, however, did not hold him in very high favour. Chipp could scarcely be called an unsteady man, but he drank a great deal, and was very "seedy" in his aspect, yet he had been better off once, and having been so long in his situation was useful from his knowledge of the business, and there was very little in the office with which Chipp was not acquainted. He had frequently entered into conversation with me, and displayed a very friendly disposition, but I had no relish for his company, and, while never actually repelling him, I managed to keep him at arm's length. One day, however, a day I well remember, although the incident made no great impression on me at the time, I was forced into a little intimacy with him, for on my calling to pay my weekly visit, I found Mr. Polyfee was out, and Chipp was in charge of the office. "Mr. Polyfee said you were to be sure not to go without your dinner, sir," said the clerk; "and when I saw you ride down the street," for I used generally to come into the town on a stout little cob, although we had a railway station at no great distance from Broadridge Farm, "I told Martha to serve up at once." Of course I thanked him for his attention, but was surprised to find him inclined to add to his politeness by coming into the room ere I had finished my dinner, coolly seating himself, and then opening a conversation with me. However, I remembered his infirmity, and thought this was probably his way of carrying out Mr. Polyfee's direction to "see that I was comfortable," as Chipp informed me over and over again that he had been desired to do. Under this impression I could not help asking him to have a glass of wine with me, a request with which he readily complied, and under the influence of a second, he grew more chatty. His talk had reference chiefly to past times, and he seemed to delight in reminiscences of my childish days. At last he said, "Did not your father, Mr. Orlando, ever wonder that there was no later will than the one which left all the money to your cousin?"

"Never, Mr. Chipp," I replied, "he was not a man to follow shadows."

"But it was reported," continued Chipp, with a cunning leer, "that there had been a second will made, and who is to say there was not?" "Nobody—so far as I know," I returned coolly; "take another glass of wine, Mr. Chipp."

The clerk readily complied, but my interruption failed to make him change the strain of his conversation. "I am surprised to hear that your father never speculated upon the existence of such a thing," he resumed; "don't you even feel curious about it?"

"Never," I said, "and do not intend to do so. No, no! Mr. Chipp, I know, and so did my father, why the will was made, and so there is an end of it. Let us have no more of your suggestions in that direction."

Chipp looked rather chafed on receiving this very direct hint, but said nothing more, although he hung about the room till I left.

I dismissed his gabble from my mind, and hardly saw him when next I went to Polyfee's, but was very much surprised, a few days afterwards, to see walking with my friend Dick a tall, meagre-looking stranger, whom I recognised as Chipp. It was on a beautiful moonlight evening, when I was returning with Rose from the village—she always contrived that her errands to the village should be executed in the evening, when I was at leisure, and could be her escort—when on turning a bend in the road I saw the two figures approaching. They were so near that we must have met them face to face in two minutes, but they turned suddenly into a bye-lane, and we lost them. I was not sorry that we did so, but it occurred to me afterwards that, as this lane was a mere rough cart track, and led to nothing but some outhouses and fields, that they must have taken that path on purpose to avoid us, and the idea made me uneasy.

I could not help speaking to Dick about it on the next day, and he said that the man had come over on a little personal business. I was not much more pleased on hearing this, for I remembered that, among other things, Chipp was known to be the agent for a certain loan office, and I immediately conjectured that Dick was in some difficulty, and had resorted to Chipp to extricate him. I mentioned my fear, and while apologising for my apparent inquisitiveness, expressed a hope that if he were really in any strait he would apply to me, as he ought to know that I would befriend him to the utmost of my power. Dick laughed at hearing this, too naturally and heartily to be assumed, and exclaimed, "No, old fellow, you liberal, kind old fellow! make your mind easy on that point. Our friend Chipp has not come over on that suit."

II.

SOON after the incident mentioned at the close of the last chapter I met my cousin Marmaduke. I had not seen him for a long time, and was now surprised, and really sorry, to see such a change in him. I know of no other word to describe his appearance and manner than the very slangy and objectionable expression, "flash," it conveys what I mean better than any other word; he was "loud" and "flash" in his look, his dress, and his manner. He appeared to be very glad to see me, and invited me to come over and spend the day with him, and see his dogs of various kinds, his rats, and his fast trotting ponies, of all of which he seemed to be the owner, and of which he talked in about equal proportions. He would give me a splendid mount, he said, in the winter, if I liked to go out with the hounds, which would probably suit me better than shooting, as I was not a good walker. Now he was wrong there, for although I have, as the reader will remember, a very slight limp, arising from some malformation of one of the bones of my foot, yet it did not affect my walking. I thanked him in reply, and began to wish the interview at an end, for I did not

know what to say to him, when he suddenly exclaimed, "That reminds me, Orlando"—which was nonsense, for nothing which had passed could have reminded him of what he went on to say—"that your old nurse, Mrs. Honora, is a nuisance. Does she ever bother you for money?"

"Never," I emphatically replied; "on the contrary, she refuses my offers of help."

"Does she, by Jove?" exclaimed Marmaduke; "I wish she would follow the same plan with me. I have been obliged to tell the old crone—I hope I don't hurt your feelings, Orlando, by so describing her—that I will have no more to do with her. Confound her! she didn't nurse me much, I expect, and if she did, she was paid for it. So I have had enough of her. I say, Orlando! what a deucedly pretty girl that is who lives at your farm! You are a sly old fellow! I have no doubt she was the reason why you chose your quarters." It may easily be supposed that this style of conversation suited me even less than the former, and I got free from him as soon as I could, with a sensation of dislike which I had never felt for him before, and could hardly account for now.

I was sorry to hear that Honora had applied to him for help, and had been repulsed, and, in spite of her previous rejection of my offer, I determined to seek her out, and see if I could be of any service to her. I had to ride into the town next day, so I lost no time in putting my resolve into execution. I found my old nurse at home, in company with her sister, who was a very harsh, evil-looking woman, and I was sorry to find Honora ill, and evidently suffering from want. There was no doubt that mismanagement was the cause of this, for her annuity, though small, would have kept her above actual poverty; but Honora was never noted for provident habits.

Her answer to my inquiry as to her health was rude, almost offensive, and she turned sulkily from me as she spoke; however, I had determined not to be offended by slight things, but to bear with her as long as I could, and if all my efforts to conciliate her were vain, then this should be my final visit. So I spoke soothingly to her, and told her that I blamed myself for not having been to see her earlier, and that I was anxious to do what I could to help her.

"Do you hear that, Ellen?" said Honora, turning to her sister, and speaking with an emphasis which I could not understand, "do you hear what this man says?"

Her sister replied in a low tone, and spoke in a language unintelligible to me.

"But I say," returned Honora, who appeared to be working herself into a passion, "do you hear what this man says? and do you not remember what the other man told me?"

Her sister seemed to assent, for she uttered some more words in the foreign tongue she had used, and gave a very unpleasant grin.

"Do you know, Orlando Pybell, son of Miriam Pybell," said Honora, turning to me, "than I am threatened with the workhouse, perhaps the gaol, if I ask alms? I have asked them from your cousin, Marmaduke Pybell, and he tells me what he had better not have told me."

"I am sorry you should have been hurt, Honora," I replied; "but why did you apply to Marmaduke? You have not the claim upon him you have upon me. You should have come to me."

"You hear that, Ellen? you hear that also?" exclaimed Honora, turning to her sister, who answered as before; "I have not the same claim upon him, you say, and you say so more truly than you know. I have not the same claim on him as I have upon you, nor have I the same claim upon you that I have upon him. I see you have taken out your purse. Leave me a little money now, and come to me this day week."

"Shall I call and—?" I began, but she cut me short. "Come this day week, I tell you," she said, with a stamp of her foot, "and then, perhaps, I may tell you more." After this I was obliged to depart, wondering very much at her strange manner, and owing to myself that if she behaved to Marmaduke as she had behaved to me, there was no wonder in his refusing to be troubled with her.

I used, of course, to tell Rose all my affairs at this time, and she was so gentle, so sympathising, and affectionate that I felt it would almost be a pleasure to have some great trouble on purpose for her to soothe me. She took a great interest in what I told her about Honora, for whom she was very sorry, and as she was going into the town during the week which was to elapse before my visit, she decided she would call upon the old woman, and take her some nourishing delicacies, such as might tempt an invalid. I did not strongly support this idea at first, for I was afraid Honora might be as abrupt to her as she had been to me, but I gave way, and the event proved Rose to be in the right. Honora received her most graciously, and insisted upon her sitting down close by her where she could touch her "pretty hair," which hung in luxuriant curls around the head of Rose. Rose blushed as she repeated the compliments which my nurse paid her on her beauty, and all the prophecies of success and happiness in life which, like the gipsy she often seemed to be, she was fond of indulging in.

Rose was less pleased at an incident which befel her ere she left the town; my cousin Marmaduke had met her, had introduced himself as my cousin, and, under the flimsy pretence of sending some commonplace message to me, he had forced himself into conversation with her. She did not say much about him, but I could discover that his brazen manner and fulsome compliments were not much to her taste, and I disliked Marmaduke still more.

At the end of the week I paid my visit to Honora. I had on the previous day dined with Mr. Polyfee, so that I had to make a special journey to the town to see my nurse, but, knowing her peculiarities, I did not like to intrude before the time she named. When I was at my guardian's I saw Chipp, and, had an opportunity offered, I would have asked him what he came to see Dick Broadridge for; but he appeared to avoid me, and was always busy when I approached him.

I found Honora looking decidedly better than before, and her malignant-looking sister smiled quite graciously upon me, and, in good enough English, bade me welcome. "Potent is the influence of port wine, jellies, and chickens," thought I; then said aloud, "Well, Honora, I am glad to see you are looking so well, I hope you feel yourself much better." Instead of replying to me she turned to her sister, and said "See that all is safe, Ellen," upon which the latter, to my surprise, went into the little outer room, seemed to look narrowly around it, locked and bolted the street door; then returned, closing and securing the inner door after her; examined the fastening of the only window, and then calmly sat down. I was astonished, perhaps a little alarmed, at this, and looked to Honora for an explanation.

"Orlando Pybell, so I shall call you," she began, and I wondered at her making any apology, or considering it a liberty, seeing she had always so called me, "you have been kind to me always, and the blood in your veins is red and honest. To me you owe your greatest misfortune in life; I have inflicted a terrible wrong on you, although you never knew it. I was your nurse."

"I—I know that, Honora," I stammered, being somewhat afraid that the old woman was going out of her mind, "and a very kind and devoted nurse I am sure you were."

"You hear what he says?" said she, turning as before to her sister, who, after bestowing a hideous smile of approval upon me, answered in the unknown tongue once more. "I was a kind and devoted nurse, was I?" Honora repeated; "much cause you have to say that. I was your worst enemy. I robbed you of your wealth, your parents, your very name. You have no name; you have no claim to that of Orlando, and the mother and father to whom you always acted as became a good son, were no parents of yours."

"Honora!" I gasped out, being unable previously to say even so much, for her cool and deliberate manner—though full of a smothered fire and force it was very deliberate—almost crushed me.

"I loved your mother, as you deemed her, I loved Miriam Pybell better than anything in the world, better than all the world. I would cheerfully have sacrificed my own life, or any one's life, to give her pleasure, or to secure her child's welfare, the child whom I nursed, and was I to hesitate at a smaller thing? She had offended the cold, churlish relations of her husband by her marriage; they—the upstarts!—professed to look down on the dark-eyed beauty whose ancestors were kings, and her child, I knew, would be poor. His cousin, the pining child of a sickly, helpless mother, would have all the old man's wealth, and my boy, my noble little Orlando, the son of my Miriam, would have nothing."

She paused here, and her sister uttered some guttural approval of her words. I gasped as if choking, and wiped the perspiration from my brow, for the coming event cast its shadow before, and I began to divine the nature of the revelation she was about to make.

"I was the trusted nurse," she continued, "trusted by both families; Marmaduke Pybell's wife, I have said, was sickly and helpless, it was easy for me to procure the discharge of the nurse girl who had the care of you,—of you, and on the day her successor came, I changed the children. You are Marmaduke Pybell, and Marmaduke Pybell is your father. Miriam knew the change, or suspected it, but she felt the hand of death was on her, and she was satisfied that her child should grow up rich and wealthy among strangers, since she was never to see his manhood. The change was never discovered, nor would I reveal it now, but for the black ingratitude of my false foster-child. In him nature is dead; there is no good strain in his mind; he knows not the voice of her who watched and tended him when first he saw the light. I will restore to you your rights, yours shall be the inheritance which the dastard now holds, for you have never failed to show kindness to me, sullen and uncouth as I was; to me, your worst enemy."

"But—but, if this is all true, Honora," I began.

"No ifs! Marmaduke!" she cried, "I speak the words of truth, and proof is happily within my reach. I have learnt during the week which passed since I saw you—and I have used your golden sovereign to learn it, I would not have touched your money else,—that old Doctor Primley, who brought you into the world, is still alive and in London. He can prove your identity, he will remember your poor foot—you were born almost lame, but I had to forge a lie when it was noticed in Orlando. I have told you that, although we never spoke on the subject, yet your mother understood what had been done. My task would have been very difficult had she not approved my act. Often have I heard your father exulting in his boy Marmaduke having so well outgrown what he feared would have crippled him. I will restore him his cripple now, and he shall find in him a richer reward than the possession of a thousand such cubs as he whom he had deemed his own."

"What am I to do, then?" I began once more, but as before I was speedily silenced.

"Do nothing openly," she said, "let me work my own way; that pleasure and your forgiveness are all the reward I ask, and then, when I have restored your rights, and have made the pretty soft-haired girl, who was so kind to the old woman, happy, Honora will leave a world where she will have lived long enough."

"May I not tell her something of this strange story?" I asked.

"No," she replied decisively, "no. From her and hers keep it a secret as long as you can, that the pleasure of a happy surprise, the greatest pleasure which can befall us, may be hers. Observe my wish in this, Marmaduke, as you wish to prosper."

"I will," I said, and my promise evidently soothed and gratified her.

"Something, however, you will have to do," she continued; "You must go up to London, and meet me there at Doctor Primley's, and we must see a lawyer in whom we can trust. A London lawyer, mind, a stranger. Every one down here knows every one else, and they are so much in one another's power that you would almost certainly be betrayed. Now, no more! you will hear from me almost immediately as to what day I shall be in London. I ought to tell you all necessary evidence is ready, even the girl who was your first nurse I have found out; she is married now, but I know where to see her at any time. Go now, my good foster boy, and remember your promise."

The interview was clearly at an end, for with another of her witch-like smiles, intended, I was sure, to be very gracious, the sister rose, and unfastening the doors, showed me that I was expected to leave. I did so with my head in a whirl the like of which I had never known before.

Under the burden of the pledge of secrecy I had given, I did not like to face any of my friends until the effect of the revelation had somewhat cooled upon me, but it was not in the nature of such a volcanic explosion to cool at all. I rode off directly, and feigning some injury to my horse's foot, stopped several hours at a little village which lay in my road, and there I wandered to and fro in a secluded copse, striving to take a coherent view of my situation, and to compose my nerves. I doubt, however, if I were one jot or tittle cooler when I left towards sundown, than I had been when I almost staggered from my nurse's cottage.

I had not the least doubt of the truth of the story Honora had told; had not from the first moment of the revelation. It was very strange, I knew, it was romantic, indeed thoroughly ultra-melodramatic; but the revelation was true, nevertheless, of that I was sure. For it completely explained much that had often puzzled me; the fitful and uncertain kindness, the frequent indifference of my nurse to me when a child, her avoidance of me, and her abruptness since I had become a man. It was awful to reflect upon the dislocation which would be caused in our quiet circle by the story when once it became known. It would be almost like the effect of an earthquake, but I felt that I was powerless to stop or control it, that the determined spirit of Honora, now thoroughly aroused, would have its way, with my help or in my despite, just as I might behave. So I resigned myself to my fate.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN AT WORK

IN "Greater Britain" it is stated that the Pacific Indians will not force their wives to work, for that they hold to be "the ultimate form of degradation in a race." It would be well if the same view were held in some parts of England, for whilst one of the problems of the day is the need of work for women, one of the features of certain localities is that women are still employed at unsuitable work. It is about two score years since the Bill passed which prohibited the employment of females in coal mines, but although public opinion has gone beyond that legislative enactment, and discourages the employment of females about mines, as well as in them, there are yet in Great Britain many thousands employed. Out of 91,000 persons employed above ground in mining labour in Great Britain there are nearly 5,000 females, and a tenth part of these are of tender ages. Staffordshire is one of the coal-mining districts where there is this employment of women and girls in an unfeminine employment, and in the county and on its borders there is to an even greater degree an employment of female labour in an industry as unsuitable and almost as laborious, if less dangerous. That employment is in the nail and chain manufactures, the seat of which is on the borders of Staffordshire and the adjacent localities. Within a

few miles of Birmingham—one of the proudest of our provincial towns, we have a phase of life which is unique, and which cannot be called in any sense very creditable.

Although the nail-making trade is located in several parts of the kingdom, its chief seat is in the almost contiguous villages that stud the country between Birmingham and Dudley. It took early root there, and though the introduction of machinery has changed and is changing the trade, yet Halesowen, Cradley, Lye Waste, Rowley, and other villages in and on the borders of the South Staffordshire and Worcestershire coalfield, may be still called the centres of the trade. These villages are full of little nail factories, and it is in them that whilst Vulcan is absent, often on bibulous thoughts intent, Venus presides at the forge. These little nailshops, attached to the small cottages, or approached through them, or in them, are the homes and the workshops of hundreds and even thousands of females working daily long hours. In early youth they are taught with their brothers to blow the bellows; when they can wield the hammer or move the heavier "Oliver" machine they are put to it, and up to very late in life maid, wife, or widow may be seen stooping over the anvil, heating the iron, and beating it into the desired shape in many, indeed most, of the branches of the trade.

That the statement is not exaggerated, it may be said that at the time of the last census there were 12,357 male nail-makers in Great Britain, and 10,864 female nail-makers; whilst of chain-makers, 4,163 were males and 910 were females. These, of course, were located in various parts of the country; but as has been said, the chief centre is that of South Staffordshire and its neighbourhood; and it has been roughly conjectured that in that locality alone over 25,000 persons are now employed in the two industries. One branch of the trade—that of the manufacture of horse-nails—is, it is believed, free from female labour, and it is more than a coincidence, perhaps, that in that branch the wages are best; but in all the other many branches of the trade the employment of females is common, and in some branches it seems to exceed that of the sex to which the employment might be considered most suitable.

The work is long and laborious, and poorly paid. Generally the nail-maker obtains iron from a "fogger," a warehouseman, that is, who supplies a given weight of iron, and an order to make it into nails of a given kind—"clout," "hurdle," "clasp," "rose," or other of the many classes. To his or her little shop the nailer takes this iron, where perhaps a "hearth," or "stall" is only rented. The fuel is found by the nailer, and this and the few tools being procured, there is soon kept up that metallic clang which may be heard from early morn till night in the nail-making villages. With brawny arms bared, and with possibly a kerchief over the head, these women work—old women, whose hair is grey, young women, not long wives, perhaps girls growing into womanhood, and often those of tender age. And what is the pay? For labour often of twelve hours a day, the week will show a result of six to nine shillings for women, and from this the sixpence for the hearth, the cost of "breeze" or coal, and possibly pay for a young caretaker for the young children of the nailer have to be deducted. The poverty of the nailer, and the custom of the trade, make them to a large extent entirely dependent upon the prices offered by the "fogger," or the warehouseman who supplies the raw material, and buys its finished product. It is partly owing to this low wage, and to the constant growth of the competition with machine-made nails that there is partly traceable the employment of children, for their wages are comparatively important, and with the father and mother working as nailers there are often three or four of the boys and girls.

By night that fitful glow which overspreads most of the great ironmaking districts is in the vicinity of Stourbridge added to by scores of fires in the little forges. Through the open door or window, or through chinks in the shutters, there may be seen the glowing hearth, and in the light of the fire, the form of the nailer stooping over the anvil, and the "hard and sinewy hands" of men and women keep up a chorus by the hammer and the anvil that the writer of the "Village Blacksmith" dreamt not of. Whether the links of the chain are turning from rosy red to black as they are forged, or whether one of the two thousand kinds of nails or rivets is being rapidly shaped, it matters not—there the female nailer predominates. For the worst of this employment of labour of women is that it has too often been "the ultimate form of degradation" in the race of the man allied to her. When you see the women working, too often the men are at the tap-room, or congregating at coursing or sporting matches, or with the pigeons in their little boxes, carrying them out into the green lanes. The men are too often loungers at the racecourse, or loiterers at the public-house corner, whilst womanly hands wield the hammer, and womanly feet impel the treadle of the "Oliver."

It is one of the saddest features of life in the Midlands, and its effects extend beyond those hinted. These little nailing villages, shabby, unkempt, and irregular, show traces of them; and those who are officially brought into contact with the people know the dark shades of character where "women must weep" at times as well as work. One of the Inspectors of Factories drew attention in a recent report to some of these features of a saddening character—to the gradual hardening to coarseness and grossness of the women, to the physical evils, and to the unmanliness of the men, in words too strong to be placed here. Suffice it that his opinion was that "day by day I am convinced that this women's labour is the bane of the place," for whilst the "ought-to-be bread-winner is luxuriating in some public-house at his ease, training his whiffet, for some future running, on beefsteaks and the best of good fare," the wife, and possibly the children, are at work "for any price any crafty knave of a master chooses to offer." The middlemen are "a curse to the trade," the "sanitary condition of the shops is bad," and that of the villages far from perfect, whilst the state of education may be gathered from the fact that one of the largest of these villages was discussing how it could stave off a School Board order only a month or two ago—years after the bulk of the country has been brought under the Education Act. Machine-made nails seem slowly taking the place of hand-made; and though in the change there must be suffering for a class, it would be well if the change were hastened to free women from this unsexing work.

J. W. S.



MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.—Part XI. Vol. II. of "A Dictionary of Music and Musicians" brings us from "Opera" to "Palestrina"; the former, contributed by F. H. Jenks, of Boston, U.S.A., is quite an exhaustive article on this fruitful subject; and, although commenced in the previous number, occupies thirty-three columns of the present.—W. S. Rockstro has undertaken "Oratorio," and done his work thoroughly well; fifty-two columns are filled with most interesting matter, from the oldest known example of this school of music—the "Festum Asinorum"—which was celebrated at Beauvais and Sens, in the twelfth century, to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The author tells us that the clergy took oratorios under their special protection as far back as 1378, when the choristers of St. Paul's performed them under careful ecclesiastical superintendence.—Of equal interest is the article upon "Organ," written by the experienced and talented organist, E. J. Hopkins, who has fulfilled his task with great ability, and in sixty-nine columns gives a complete history of this noble instrument, from its remote

beginnings to its present exalted dimensions. These three articles alone are sufficient to render the present number of this unique work highly interesting; but there are also many other notices of interest, including one of the great violinist, Paganini, contributed by Paul David.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A work of such difficulty as Beethoven's Choral Symphony (No. 9) can but seldom be heard really well done, not on account of its instrumental parts, but because few choralists are equal to the severe strain upon the high notes so unmercifully exacted by this great composer. At the same time this Symphony is occasionally fairly well done by our leading choral societies; and if only to enable the listener to follow and appreciate the difficulties attacked, if not overcome, the neatly got-up and excellent arrangement of this work, just published in "Novello's Original Octavo Edition," is highly to be commended.—"A Sixth Set of Sixty Voluntaries, Arranged for the Harmonium," by J. W. Elliott, is we should hope the last, and certainly is not the best, of this useful series, albeit there are some pleasing bits by eminent composers. There is a sameness in this number not perceptible in its predecessors.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—So thoughtful and clever a musician as Henry Holmes could not fail to produce a grammatical composition; there is no fault to be found with a sacred cantata composed by him, entitled "Christmas Day," the words by Keble; and yet it fell flat, on its production at the Gloucester Festival, most probably less from its lack of intrinsic merit than from the lengthy and overcrowded performances on that occasion. We shall hope to hear it in London during the winter season, in the mean time we can make its acquaintance at home, thanks to a "vocal score with pianoforte accompaniments" just published by the above-named firm, which will be found a welcome addition to the musical library.

MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—As the winter evenings are drawing near Aloys Kettner has done well to compose and publish four tuneful and moderately easy duets for the violin and pianoforte, the one "Vilanelle," a canon for these instruments, quaint and original; the others, "Trois Morceaux de Salon," entitled respectively: "Tyrolienne," "Melodie," and "Sicilienne," well suited for a mixed company for whom classical music would have no charm or interest.—Stephen Hiller has taken a holiday, and profited by it to judge by three pianoforte pieces from his pen. "Third Sonata" for the pianoforte, "intended as a preparation for the study of the sonatas by the great masters," is well calculated to encourage a taste for classical compositions. "Andantino in G" from his first sonatina was so much liked that he has produced it as an excerpt; whilst a *morceau* in D major, a so-called "Valse," is in three-four time, but has nothing danceable about it.—Frederic Löhr has written three pieces with a view to school patronage; most satisfactory of the group is "Thuringia," a "Volkslied" by Mendelssohn, which he has arranged in a moderately variationed form. "Albion" is much more elaborated on "The Banks of Allan Water" and "The Vicar of Bray;" whilst "Shades of Evening," most elaborate of the three, will make a sensation in the country during the Christmas holidays if played with a due amount of flourish.—Two neat and not difficult school pieces by Boyton Smith are "Gwendoline" and "Barcarole." The former is the more pleasing of the two.—Four specimens of dance music of very medium merit are "The Lively Polka," by J. Sherwood, "The Whisper Valses" and "The Prince's Galop," by C. D'Ace, and "The Football Galop," by J. Batchelder.

MESSRS. NEUMEYER AND CO.—An excellent study for the pianoforte is a "Gavotte" by Sir Julius Benedict, but even this gifted composer has failed to invest this hackneyed form of composition with a spark of originality.—More work, and that not of the easiest, will be found for our school girls in "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," six characteristic pieces for the pianoforte, arranged as solos and duets by their composer, H. Hofmann; by a majority of students they will be pronounced "very dry."

B. WILLIAMS.—Adam Wright has composed a so-called "Grand Festival March," which scarcely merits the title, as, although it is tuneful enough, there is nothing fresh or new in it; and yet the composer has arranged it really well, first, for the organ (with pedal obligato); secondly, for the harmonium, or American organ; and thirdly, for the pianoforte.—Two pianoforte pieces, by W. Porter, F.C.O., are somewhat out of the time-worn path of pianoforte *morceaux*. There is a freshness—if we may use the term—about his *allegro scherzo*, which will win the approbation of all who care for something which they have not heard before.—"The Exile" is a smoothly-written *morceau*, which will win applause at an after-dinner performance, if played with taste and feeling.—W. Smallwood has disappointed us in his "Operatic Duets" for the pianoforte, which are of very unequal merit. No. 1, "Don Giovanni," is too fragmentary; it would have been far better to keep to a single melody instead of wandering from one to another. The same may be said of No. 2, "Der Freischütz." Nos. 3 and 4, "Guillaume Tell" and "Masaniello," are a trifle better, but far below the mark of this composer who, as a rule, does so much for juvenile students by simplifying, without weakening, popular music.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two pleasing songs of the medium compass, the words translated from the German, music by King Hall, will serve their purpose, they are entitled respectively "The Moss Rose" and "Autumn" (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—"Memories," a song of medium compass, written and composed by Mrs. Baines and W. H. Holmes, is plaintive, and refined enough to please the most cultivated taste (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—"Britain and her Britons," a patriotic song, words and music by H. Needham, is of a very pompous and well-worn type, which has some few admirers (Messrs. Reid Brothers).—A quaint and cheerful little ballad published in E and G is "The Linnet's Answer," written and composed by D. Christie Murray and Ciro Pinsuti (B. Williams).—A loyal subject if not an indifferent poet and musician is "The Lady of the Manor of Bridgetown," who has written and composed a combined song and quick march, and called it "The Queen's Garland;" well meant as it is, possibly some enthusiastic royalists may be found to appreciate its subtle meaning (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.).—Again we come upon a clever educational work by Carlo Tieset, "Vol. I., Sections 1 and 2, of The Imperial Tutor for the Pianoforte," both admirable and useful in their way, and with points of individual interest to distinguish them from their numerous clever rivals. It is really remarkable, when we see the numerous clever works by men of undoubted talents, who have turned their attention to educational purposes, to find so many indifferent amateur performers yet in society (Messrs. Wood and Co.).

THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA yearly becomes more serious, and the Melbourne *Argus* draws a melancholy picture of the damage done in Victoria. Thus the head station at Brim has been totally deserted, the lessee having been obliged to give up trying to raise crops on account of the pests. The large brick house is completely undermined by the rabbits, the fine fruit garden is a wilderness, and there is not enough grass left to keep a cow. The man in charge is obliged to buy meat and horse feed, and several of his small flock of goats have died from eating poisoned food intended for the rabbits. Formerly the run carried over 30,000 sheep, and now the stock consists of five goats and one horse, while all the buildings are tumbling down from disuse. The district would speedily recover if it obtained rest for three or four years; but as long as the rabbits are about it will not get that rest.



"A CONTINENTAL SUNDAY"
A SKETCH AT THE CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS, ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON



OCTOBER is one of the busiest months of the year, as there is much to get ready for the coming winter. We may hope for sunshine and even summer warmth in the middle of the day, but the mornings and evenings are chilly. Many people are tempted from a false economy, or sometimes from idleness, to take at once to their sealskin or other winter garments, the consequence is that when the really severe weather comes they have no extra warm clothing to wear.

The new colours for autumn are very rich and warm-looking, far less trying to indifferent complexions than the faded hues which were so long the fashion. Here are the names of some of them: Bishop's purple, plum of a red shade, pansy, prune, heliotrope, myrtle and olive greens, browns, and deep garnet red; dead gold is still worn, but *chaudron*, or copper colour, is more novel; this colour is difficult to describe, it may be seen on a warming-pan, or copper kettle which has been neglected, and in velvet or wool has a very good effect. *Tête de faisan* is also a favourite colour; there are lighter or darker shades of all these colours. Plaids of every description, more fancy than real, are quite the rage in Paris, they make very pretty trimmings for adults, and for children entire costumes. For example, frocks of black velvet or velveteen, with plaid plush trimmings, and spun silk stockings to match, together with a Tam o' Shanter velvet hat, with a plaid band and silver thistle fastening a black feather. English people very wisely object to fancy plaids. Those which are the most suitable for trimming are the Rob Roy, the Stewart, the Argyle, the Macgregor, and the Macpherson. Our economical young readers who find their black dresses a trifle shabby after a sojourn at the seaside may brighten them up with plaid woollen materials, and make them look cheerful for the coming dark days.

As to velvet, so great are the varieties of this material as to offer quite an *embarras de richesse*—cut and uncut, brocaded, *ciselé*, spotted, striped, and damasked. By the way, the difference between *velours ciselé* and *velours broché* is, that in the former the pattern is formed with the pile upon a satin background; the latter is just the reverse. We were recently shown some pale blue, pink, and mauve velvet, with a brocade of white uncut velvet—the effect was extremely elegant for dinner or evening toilettes. Three or four different materials are used to make a costume. Plush is very fashionable, especially for trimmings, and at times for making a complete costume; but it is too expensive for ordinary purses to meet. Unquestionably some skirts are being made much fuller at the back than they have been for years. In Paris the crinoline is creeping slowly but surely into fashion again—not the round, clumsy steel cage of the past, but arranged at the back with flounces to the waist. Tailor-made braided dresses, in rifle green, gendarme blue, or prune-coloured Estamene serge, foulé serge, or cloth, are both useful and stylish for this season, especially for art or other students. Tweed cloth, which is made in all the new colours, makes a very neat and serviceable travelling costume. A polonaise, simply draped, half-a-dozen rows of stitching on the hem, short skirt, with a killed flounce at the bottom, and arranged with folds up the front; the polonaise will look more dressy if faced with velvet, thus: The corners turned back and faced, also the double-breasted jacket and cuffs. With this costume a Leonardo da Vinci hat, which is exactly copied from a portrait of this celebrated artist, looks very well.

Some of the hats for this season are very eccentric, for example, the tiger plush, which closely resembles the skin of this animal, made up in a variety of shapes, more often than any other the *toque*, trimmed with real tiger's claws, their talons of gold or silver, one fastens a bow in the front, the other is placed at the side. These claws are also used for trimming sealskin and rough beaver hats. Plush *toque* hats are much worn, and are becoming to most faces. They are made with simple folds, and a handsome ostrich feather drooping on the shoulder. Feathers are more worn than flowers; bonnets are made entirely of them, mantles are bordered with them, and plastrons of feather-fur are much in vogue. Sportsmen's game-bags are rifled, and, so eager are industrious young people for the feathers, that they often save the cook the trouble of plucking the birds. The Tam O'Shanter hats are much favoured by young girls, whilst their elders trim and make such variations as may suit their more mature charms.

Mantles are worn decidedly large, and all partake, more or less, of the dolman shape. A mantle, recently sent from Paris for a very slender young bride-elect, was made like a waggoner's smock frock, of very fine copper-coloured cloth, gathered back and front to the waist, and trimmed with a wide border of feather-fur; the sleeves were made with high puffs, padded, on the shoulders. None but very slender figures could wear so trying a mantle. Silk serge is a soft and pretty material for a mantle; it may be trimmed with chenille bead fringe and a deep heading of gimp, or with rows of silk cord and flat tassels. A plain dark cloth short jacket, double-breasted, or with a single row of buttons, will be found very useful to wear on a chilly day. There are some changes in the shape of ulsters; but we strongly advise our readers not to attempt to make these seldom-becoming garments at home. It is far better to have them made by a tailor, and, if a trifle more expensive in the beginning, they look much better and last so much longer than home-made productions.

There are a great many weddings on the *tapis*. There is little or no change in bridal dresses, satin or silk with more or less costly lace trimmings and veils. Bridesmaids' dresses admit of more variety as to design and material. At a recent double wedding in the country the bridesmaids wore very elegant costumes of maize-coloured satin and Indian muslin of the same hue, as were also their caps. A bridesmaid expectant showed us with triumph the future bridegroom's "sweetly pretty present," which was a brooch made from a leopard's claw; the idea was not pleasant of the grip of this animal on a fair young throat. Far prettier were the gifts of another bridegroom elect who had sent all the way to Spain for necklets and bracelets which are all the fashion at Madrid just now. They are perfect *fac similes* of the collars worn by the Knights of the Golden Fleece, made in gold and pearls. Surely these sheep are preferable to the pigs which are worn in Paris. The costume to be worn with these pretty ornaments were five of pink and five of pale blue embossed velvet with white poplin petticoats, Velasquez hats and long plumes. These necklets look remarkably well upon a high velvet dress, and will no doubt soon be seen in Paris and London, where they will put poor piggy's nose out of joint.

At the pleasant country gatherings, more or less formal, where we must now go to seek for fashionable attire, white muslin, silk grenadine, or very soft Indian cachemire are mostly worn by young people, who leave the most costly velvets and satins to their elders. Not quite so, by the way, as with these muslin and light materials they wear the most "cunning little bodies," made *à volonté*, that is to say, in any style which best becomes the wearer. They must not be quite low, but they may be demi-low, sufficiently so to show a nicely rounded throat, the sleeves must be *bond fide* sleeves, but need only be—say four inches deep. The amount of lace worn is very considerable, and what trimming can be more elegant and becoming, especially for

evening wear? The laces most in vogue are Honiton, Brussels, point d'Alençon, Chantilly, and blonde; sometimes the lace is embroidered in pearls, but of course in that case imitation is used, as no one would desecrate good lace by such ill-treatment.

China painted buttons are much worn, or excellent copies of Dresden and Worcester china; on the small *plaques* are tiny landscapes or wreaths of flowers; earrings and brooch should always match the buttons. Long gloves are either hand-painted or embroidered in delicate designs on the back and round the tops, edged with lace; the shoes should match for evening wear. In spite of many laudable efforts to introduce short dresses for evening wear; only young people wear them; matrons cling to graceful trains, and who will blame them so long as they know how to manage them, and keep them from under other people's feet? There is great skill and art required to wear a train gracefully in a drawing-room; but it can be done.



HAHNEMANN's ghost must surely be satisfied with the progress of Homœopathy. It not only has its own uncompromising adherents, but it has deeply modified the practice of allopaths. Homœopaths claim too much when they say it is owing to them that we are no longer bled once a month and dosed periodically with calomel enough to kill a horse; but our smaller doses we partly owe to them, and (not to speak of such valuable and generally used medicines as aconite) even the principles of homœopathy are to some extent adopted by many allopaths. Syncrétism almost seems the true course in medicine as in philosophy, though it is difficult now and then to draw the line between keeping to a set of hard-and-fast rules and acting like an empiric. Then, so many of our maladies are imaginary, and so many children's disorders are best left to Nature, that homœopathy does a deal of good quite apart from its possible value as a system. Better a hippish man should dose himself with harmless pilules than with blue pill. "The Principal Uses of the Sixteen Most Important and the Fourteen Secondary Homœopathic Medicines" (Gould and Son, Moorgate Street) will enable any one to do this to his heart's content. In serious cases there would always be an appeal to the doctor, who is now usually a syncrétic. To our mind the weakest point about homœopathy is its books. They suggest a diagnosis which very few are able to make; and they give so many uses for the same drug. Of such treatises the one before us has at least the advantage of being short.

Unpleasant surroundings than those in which the brothers Andrews were sometimes placed during their "Daring Voyage Across the Atlantic" (Griffiths and Farran) it is hard to imagine. Through a foggy night to have to keep your eyes on the compass, and to watch both for lights and floating logs, wet and cold, with no relief but blowing the fog horn now and then, is not pleasant, especially when you reflect that any minute a log may come crashing through your half-inch cedar. There were, however, compensations. It is amusing to be taken for the Flying Dutchman, and to have a wide berth given you in consequence; it is exciting to be becalmed amid a shoal of whales, the tail of any one of whom might easily bring your voyage to a premature end. The Andrews spoke with a great number of vessels, and even caught sight of "a mysterious marine monster," possibly the sea-serpent. Their tiny boat was at the Paris Exhibition, and was afterwards shown in London and Brighton; and their log is published with an introduction by Dr. Macaulay, editor of the *Boy's Own Paper*. There is no fear of many English boys being led by reading it to tempt the Atlantic in such a frail bark as the *Nautilus*.

Mr. G. Smith, of Coalville, meant as well by his book on the gypsies as he did by his papers about the barges. But Mr. F. Hlides Groome, author of "Gipsies" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," thinks he has gone the wrong way to work; and, himself having a drop of gipsy blood in his veins, he is fired with indignation at hearing his pets called ill names. He demurs *in toto* to Mr. Smith's statement as to the wretchedness and immoralities of the gypsies. The true gipsy (he quotes many authorities in support of his own experience) is faithful, cleanly, healthy, and above all comfortable. That his enjoyment of life is less than it was is owing to civilisation having cut off some of his privileges, while making him no return. The education question, on which Mr. Smith laid such stress, has already driven a number of gypsies to America, for fear of having their children taken from them. Some gipsy families, Mr. Groome tells us, have solved the difficulty by putting on a gipsy "coach;" and "in the conditions of a permanent encampment, such as are found near big towns, there is absolutely nothing to keep gipsy children from school, if only their parents are willing to send and the schoolmaster to receive them." Let the parson call at the tents, says Mr. Groome, and see whether the children go to school through the winter at least, and if not, why not? And he is quite willing to accept for the summer Mr. Smith's plan of registering in a book, like the half-time book, the attendance at the various stopping places. Mr. Groome has been much among the gypsies, speaks their language to perfection, tells English gypsies the stories he has read in foreign gipsy books, sings them Hungarian and Macaronic gipsy songs, and shows his readers that he speaks from actual knowledge. He admits that gypsies are weak about the 8th commandment, for the race will not believe that relieving people of their money while telling their fortunes is to be named in the same day with vulgar stealing. But on the whole they are very reputable people, and John Roberts the harper, father of the nine Original Cambrian Minstrels, is a gipsy. "In Gipsy Tents" (Nimmo, Edinburgh), however, should be read not only on the *audi alteram partem* principle, but because it is a most interesting book, full of fun, by one who is not given to prosy theorising. No one can read Mr. Groome without sharing in his sympathy for the Boswells, Lees, Lovells, Stanleys, Faas, who, in England, as well as abroad, were till lately so cruelly treated by the law. Not only was it a capital crime to be a gipsy, but also to consort with gypsies; a crime for which more than one Englishman has suffered. Perhaps the best bit of fun in the book is the description of the gipsy auditors' feelings when they heard Mr. George Smith's letters to the *Standard* about their children's want of schooling and their own shortcomings.



"THE WELLFIELDS: A Novel," by Jessie Fothergill (3 vols: Bentley and Son).—Whatever loss of fleshiness may be apparent in the latest work of the authoress of "Probation" and "The First Violin" is compensated by a considerable advancement in the art of putting a story together; though even in this respect "The Wellfields" still leaves much to be desired. Miss Fothergill has probably not yet reached the highest level of which she is capable, but meanwhile gives new promise that she will not fail to reach it in good time. Her brightness and lightness of hand are such as to render plot-making, with her, a matter of legitimately

second importance, and to ensure under any circumstances a large degree of interest and pleasure. In "The Wellfields" she has taken for her principal study one of those amiably weak men whom women will sometimes insist upon idealising into heroes in spite of themselves—he is a welcome change, as a piece of realism, from those lions in love who for the most part sulk and shoulder their way through ladies' novels, and she has taken care to contrast him with characters that are really, and not conventionally, strong. In one respect only, but very decidedly, Miss Fothergill's novels, including "The Wellfields," are marked by peculiarities which make a special and far from common taste necessary for their appreciation. The once prevalent fancy for a German colouring in fiction is wholly past, except among a few readers, while Miss Fothergill indulges it to such a pitch that an intimate and familiar knowledge of Germany and the German language is absolutely needful for following her with intelligent sympathy. She no doubt aims at finding, and probably finds, a completely congenial public among those who, upon a taste for German music, base a claim to the possession of superior and esoteric culture; but a little self-denial in this respect would go far towards doubling her general popularity, while making her a better artist besides. The novel is unquestionably clever, and, even in its faults, shows an exceptionally unusual acquaintance with the fact that life does not consist of promiscuous flirtation alone.

"Oliver Constable, Miller and Baker," by Sarah Tytler (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.).—In the omission of love and love-making, Miss Tytler goes about as far as a novelist of these days may dare. Her new novel is not a love story at all. It tells how the descendant of many generations of millers and bakers, after a distinguished career at Oxford, and with a brilliant prospect before him either in the Church or at the Bar, astonishes and disappoints his friends by determining to remain a miller and baker in order to use his greater culture in raising and refining the class to which he belongs. Like another Quixote, he throws himself into what proves the hopeless task of inspiring with his own social and political spirit the petty shopkeepers of his native country town—he constitutes himself an apostle to that so-called "lower middle class" whom reformers neglect in their zeal for the high and the low. Of course he is made to commit every sort of noble-hearted blunder, but finally wins the hearts of those whose brains and souls prove beyond his reach—how far beyond it finally we are left in doubt to the close. Possibly Miss Tytler's motive is to show that no well-meant effort can ever be quite thrown away. To some extent, the novel is a book of lost opportunities. The general conception is good, and the plan ably laid; but the picture of life among the shopkeepers of Friarton is only by fits and flashes a satisfactory description of the sort of life with which Oliver Constable had to deal. The characters, when not mere outlines, are too consistently and aggressively labelled, at the risk—and at often more than the risk—of becoming wearisome from repetition and monotony. Many are well described, but all, even the hero himself, lack life and human colour. The opportunity, therefore, of adequately treating a fine and suggestive motive must be considered as missed; but, the novel, as it stands, is nevertheless worthy of all respectful attention. It is sensible throughout, is not wanting in humour, and reaches excellence in the reproduction of English home scenery. There are few better pieces of landscape painting in words than the picture of the old mill.

"A Very Opal," by C. L. Pirks (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—By "A Very Opal" is meant the mind of Elsie Meredith—a girl who hardly merits the comparison, seeing that she can scarcely be said to have a mind at all. Somewhat in the minute and exhaustive manner of Miss Austen, the author has worked out certain phases of feeling as brought about by the action of circumstances upon certain natures. The characters studied are finished up to their capacity for such treatment without exaggeration, and the gradual change brought about in the sailor hero's heart when his first passion for the pretty and soulless Elsie gives place to real love for the girl who is her exact opposite in all things is treated most naturally and effectively. Over-minuteness is the worst fault with which the novel can be charged, but this is almost inseparable from the writer's method, and tends to give that air of reality to all her characters upon which its interest chiefly depend.

"Lizzie of the Mill:" from the German of W. Heimbarg, by Christina Tyrrell (2 vols.: Bentley and Son).—It is very seldom indeed that a German novel has been so well translated into English as "Lizzie of the Mill." The whole spirit of the original is reproduced, without the least taint of foreign mannerism. The task must have been especially difficult, and has, therefore, been all the more successfully performed, seeing that the plot and the positions of the various characters would be impossible except under the special conditions of German society, and, but for an incidental allusion to the "Faust Waltzes," might be taken for a story of a hundred and fifty years ago. The story is exceedingly slight, but the translator has ably aided the author in giving it all the interest to be derived from construction and style. It may be recommended as an unusually good specimen of a German novelette for English readers.

BIG GAME IN NATAL is unusually plentiful just now, the *Live Stock Journal* tells us. Rhinoceroses are found in haunts from which they have been absent for twenty years, elephants are plentiful, buffaloes are again to be seen throughout Zululand, and lions and quaggas have appeared close to Rustenburg.

THE SAILORS' REST AND INSTITUTE at Devonport, under the supervision of Miss Weston—well known by her famous "Blue-backs," or letters to seamen, continues to do good work, and branches have been established at Falmouth, Portland, Gibraltar, Lisbon, and Nagasaki. Miss Weston is now arranging for a branch at Portsmouth, and asks for subscriptions towards the 3,000l. needed, as the work is supported solely by donations. The headquarters at Devonport are greatly appreciated by the seamen, and 27,241 sailors lodged on the premises last year, while many others used the reading, smoking, and recreation rooms. The circulation of the Blue-backs is to be extended among the mercantile navy when funds permit, but at present there is a large deficit. Contributions may be sent to Miss Agnes E. Weston, at Devonport.

THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENT of the *New York Herald* reporter has been to visit a fashionable ladies' bathing establishment in New York city. Without any previous arrangement, we are told, the reporter simply presented himself at the reception-room and requested to be admitted, as though the request was the most natural one in the world. Some objection was at first raised by the lady manager, but he was ultimately admitted, ten minutes' grace having been allowed to the fair naiads for "preparation." In a gallery running round the swimming-tank, the adventurous scribe tells us, sat a number of ladies, and, as a proof of the high-class character of the establishment, it is recorded that they had "ten-dollar parasols beside them." The sight in the bath was "worth walking miles to see." We read that "sirens from Fifth Avenue, naiads from Murray Hill, and mermaids from Washington Heights, were coquetting with the brine." They swam around "as if they were vivified statuary; they dived, they leaped out of the water, and played pranks with each other; while some of the more agile performed marvellous 'stunts' on the horizontal bar, and turned somersaults backward and forward, until the place became a sort of South Sea Island, blushing with modern improvements." They linked themselves together into what they called "a railroad train," and the newly-constructed figure "glided around the reservoir as gracefully as a sea-serpent." The fair bathers, it appears, were encased in a species of modest ball-room costume, without trains.



"The interview was granted. The ladies pleaded earnestly for an increased allowance out of the estate ; but his lordship was inexorable."—*Experiences of a Barrister.*

"WARDS IN CHANCERY"

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN MORGAN, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



THE "CAPITAZ," OR OVERSEER OF THE ESTATE

LIFE ON A CHILIAN RODEO

IV.

WHEN a young child or infant dies, the baby, after being cleansed, is arrayed in the finest of garments, and placed upon an altar in the best room in the house; a pair of wings are fastened to it, and a crown upon its head; above is hung a dove, and the entire surroundings adorned with flowers and ribbons. A guitarist is provided, who from his seat in front chants and sings airs, generally of a laudatory and lamenting nature, for the loss of the child; but as the "poncha" or drink begins to make itself felt upon the friends who have gathered round, it then becomes a scene of mirth and gladness that the child is now an "angelito" (or little angel). This generally continues for several days, until the body gives forth anything but pleasant odours. This custom at the present day is more general among the lower classes, for although it exists among the rich, there is nothing of the boisterous style about it.

The *capitaz* is the only man on an estate who has the privilege to wear a flowered *manto*, and hat with large and curved brim; and the distinction for the owner, who wears a hat with large and straight brim, and a *manto* of pure white. Each class has a peculiar dress, which is rigorously enforced.

Our engravings are from photographs by Diaz and Spencer, Santiago, Chili.

MR. G. F. GRACE

MR. G. F. GRACE, the youngest of the famous cricketing brothers, the "three Graces," was born December 13th, 1850. He was, so to speak, cradled in cricket, his father, Dr. Grace, being a prominent West-country player. On August 7th, 1866, before he was sixteen, he played in his first important match, North v. South of the Thames, at Canterbury. In 1869 his batting exhibited a marked improvement, his biggest score being 206 (not out) in a match played between Chipping Sodbury and Tetbury, in Badminton Park; and by the end of the season he had fairly

won the right to play among the Gentlemen of England, which he accordingly did in the following year. In 1873 he was one of the party that visited Australia, and was second only to his brother, W. G., both in batting and bowling. His more recent achievements will be fresh in the minds of our readers. As an all-round cricketer he was hardly second to any man in England, his hitting being clean, vigorous, and well-timed. His bowling was generally effective, in fielding he had no superior in the long field, and he rarely if ever missed a catch.

Though he afterwards played at Stroud, he had been unwell ever since the Australian match on September 8th, having, it is thought, caught cold through sleeping in a damp bed. While travelling, he was compelled through serious illness to stop at Basingstoke, where he died on September 22nd of inflammation of the lungs. He was buried at his home, Downend, Gloucestershire, on the 27th inst., the funeral being attended by three thousand persons. Mr. G. F. Grace was most popular in his own county, where his manly bearing and frank manners won him hosts of friends.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. T. Trew, Highgate Road, N.W.



THE WAKE OF A CHILIAN CHILD

AT A CHILIAN RODEO—IV.

HEREFORDS are increasing in favour at the same time, the United States continuing to encourage purchases of this useful but at one time rather discredited breed. In our view the Hereford is just the animal for Texas and Mexico.

AN ANGLING HINT.—When the rivers are at their ordinary level anglers should make a careful survey of the banks and mark such spots as would be good feeding-places in a flood—places with gravel bed and free from bushes and grass.

AN EXHIBITION OF INSECTS in the Tuileries Gardens supplies a suggestion which is not new, perhaps, but which acquires force from its being practically carried out on the other side of the Channel. The Society which is "showing" the insects is established with the express purpose, according to its own rules, "of studying the best ways of aiding the fecundity of useful insects, and of studying injurious insects so as to learn how best to check their ravages and exterminate the insects themselves." Such a Society does not, as far as we know, exist in England, yet when we consider that its first purpose embraces bee-keeping and silkworm keeping, while its second would take in a multiplicity of diseases affecting stock, timber, plants, &c., it will be seen that such a Society if established would have plenty of useful work to do.

MIDLAND FARMERS' CLUB.—At a recent meeting of this Club, Mr. Sylvester moved, "That it is highly desirable that long leases be more generally given, with compensation for unexhausted improvements made by the tenant, and, with the exception of the last two years, the mode of cultivation be unrestricted, provided the land is kept in an improving state." The discussion was adjourned.

RURAL EDUCATION.—At the meeting of the same Club, which meets at Birmingham, and has a Liberal reputation, it was noticeable how generally the speakers insisted that boys kept at school till thirteen seldom or never made good agricultural labourers. The new Education Act will increase the burden of local taxation, already far too heavy.

THE LAND AGITATION continues to make progress in Ireland. The murder of Lord Mountmorres shows how entirely the agitators rely upon the weakness of the Government. Trial by jury is the greatest protection to agrarian murderers, against whom it is impossible to get a conviction. Meanwhile, Mr. Parnell is roaming the country, making incendiary speeches, in which Cabinet Ministers are quoted as "believers in peasant ownership," and treasonable organisations advocated as rendering the shooting of landlords, not criminally or morally wrong, but simply "unnecessary." The question of absenteeism can no longer be considered of paramount importance. The agitation has now assumed the form of a struggle of a peasantry majority for the property of a land-owning minority. Lord Mountmorres was a constantly resident landlord. The recent Irish letters of M. de Molinari deserve more attention than they have actually received. A French republican, and therefore holding more "advanced" opinions than the majority of Englishmen, his utter condemnation of the cottier-owner system is peculiarly significant.

THE NEW GROUND GAME ACT is being accepted in very good spirit by many landlords who are extending its provisions to existing leases. We hope the farmers will meet their landlords with an equal friendliness, and that the natural sympathies of the two classes living by the land will suffice to deprive the statute of the "animus" with which political advocacy endowed it.

MR. JOHN SCOTT is the newly-appointed Professor of Agriculture and Estate Management in the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester. His "record" is almost exclusively Scotch, but two works on farm and estate valuation have done more for his reputation than the Edinburgh and Highland certificates which he obtained in 1875. We hope Mr. Scott's tenure of office will be less troubled than that of most of the professors at Cirencester.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A new bridge is about to be thrown across the Medway, a little above the city of Rochester. It is satisfactory to learn that largely increased local traffic warrants the outlay. The parish of Banstead has been greatly perturbed, owing to the escape of a lion from a travelling menagerie. Late night walks have been suddenly and completely discontinued in the district. Among the "mild wonders" of country life, the growth of a marrow at Guildford may be recorded. This remarkable pumpkin weighs 47 lbs., and measures 55 inches round. Beans have recently risen in price about 2s. per quarter. Egyptian sorts have been most affected by the change. Maize is now offered at about 24s. 6d. per quarter for mixed, and 25s. 6d. for round corn. This latter description is a general favourite with farmers and stock and poultry owners. It is seldom to be purchased at so low a price as that at which it is now offered. The average price of English wheat remains below 40s.

THE "BLACK-COUNTRY" MAN AND HIS EARNINGS.—There are certain parts of the country worth paying a flying visit to were it only for the good it does one in getting rid of erroneous ideas respecting the people dwelling there, their habits, and eccentricities. For instance, there is that laughable delusion to which, as every Cockney is aware, all countrymen are subject, that London streets are paved with gold, and that the veriest clodhopper has only by some means or other to make his way to the great metropolis to find Tom Tiddler's ground, and pick up precious coin to his heart's content. It will probably surprise a good many people to learn that the above-mentioned belief is entertained by folk who can scarcely be classed with the "yokel" kind. From what one is constantly hearing of strikes and the doings of trades' unionists in that grim region known as the Black Country, it would be only reasonable to assume that the inhabitants were shrewdly alive to their own interests, and scrupulously jealous of any infringement of that excellent maxim that "the labourer is worthy of his hire." Nevertheless, it is a fact that the working population in the districts of fire and flame are compelled to labour for a rate of wages that to a Londoner would appear simply ridiculous. What, for instance, would the merest dolt of an engineer's labourer or blacksmith's hammerman think if he were offered sixteen shillings a week? Thousands of men who have served a life-long apprenticeship to such trades as chainmaking and nailmaking work week by week and year in and year out for much less, often half—for eight shillings a week, the length of their working day being from seven in the morning until eight at night. In the neighbourhoods of Stourbridge and Wolverhampton it is no exaggeration to say that there are thousands of men who never earn more. Nor are the women better off. Like their husbands and brothers, they labour at the forge, stripped to the shoulder, with singed hair and smutty faces, and what is called "decent wage" for a female chainmaker, who blows her own bellows and works at the anvil single-handed, is five shillings a week. There are women at Lye and at Cradley, and at a dozen other places that might be mentioned, who work at the forge fifteen and sixteen hours a day, they having no other means to help support a family of little children, and the financial result on Saturday does not exceed six shillings. These poor folk are not so entirely shut out from civilisation but that a London newspaper occasionally reaches them, and when they read of charwomen whose wages are half-a-crown a day and their food, and of mechanics no cleverer than themselves earning the enormous sum of two pounds a week, who can wonder if they talk amongst themselves and dream of London as the golden city?

BILINGUAL INSCRIPTION IN ASSYRIAN AND HITTITE CHARACTERS

THIS inscription, unique so far as is known, has lately excited much attention, not only amongst professed Orientalists, but also in the ranks of all who are interested in the historical relations between the old East and our younger Western world. Our engraving is a full-sized reproduction of a convex disc in silver, and is taken from an electrotype now in the British Museum. The original is thought to be at Constantinople. Round the outer margin is an Assyrian legend. It was correctly rendered by the late Dr. A. D. Mordtmann—who first published an engraving of the disc in 1863, together with a dissertation upon it, and wrote upon it again in 1872—"Tarkutimne, King of the country of Cilicia." He aptly compared the name Tarkutimne to more than one Cilician king known to us from the coins and the classical writers. In the middle of the disc is the figure of a chieftain standing upright. On his head is a close-fitting cap, he is bare-legged, and is shod with boots turned up at the toes. In his left hand he holds a spear, and in his right hand a dirk, whose hilt is surmounted with just such a crescent-shaped ornament as the inscribed silver button is taken to have been. The hilt of the Pharaoh's dagger is shown on the Egyptian monuments to have been adorned with a like disc. Whether this bore the hieroglyphical scutcheon of the Royal wearer we are not aware. But here, in addition to the Assyrian inscription, we see on both sides of the Cilician chief a series of six characters, each set the sides of the other. Now it was the great merit of the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford, that he was the first to recognise in this duplicate representation the Hittite counterpart of the Assyrian text, thus enabling him to announce in *The Academy* of the 21st of August the discovery of the long desiderated key to the decipherment of the Hittite inscription, on the study of which and of the great historical



people whence they emanated—called Khita by the Egyptians and Khatti by the Assyrians—he had bestowed years of patient labour. On a perusal of Dr. Mordtmann's forgotten publication of 1872 in the light of this collateral course of reading he was struck with the fact that the disc was of silver, the favourite metal of the Hittites—on silver tablets, for instance, their great King Khitasir had engraven the Treaty between himself and the famous Pharaoh Sesostriis—and comparing the statues of other kings of the same nation, he was soon able to pronounce the figure on the disc-button, or knob, every inch a Hittite monarch. What was more, he saw in those characters flanking the royal image on either side, and which to Dr. Mordtmann had been but unintelligible "symbols," veritable Hittite hieroglyphs, such as were to be found in the Hittite inscriptions in general. Of these inscriptions the number had greatly grown between 1876, when the Oxford scholar read his first paper upon the subject before the Society of Biblical Archaeology, and last summer (July 6th) when he read his second; and his announcement, in last week's issue of *The Academy*, that Colonel Wilson has just found two new ones at Gharur, close to the head waters of the Euphrates, shows that it is growing still.

As to the great part played in history by "The Empire of the Hittites," which stretched eastward the whole length of that river, from its sources to the Biblical Carchemish and Balaam's city Pethor, to Troy and the Dardanelles in the west, reference may be made to a valuable article in *The Times* of the 23rd of January. Of the half-dozen Hittite characters on the silver lunar disc the first pair may be confidently taken to make up the royal name. A goat's head is the initial sign. It is racy of the soil. For Cilicia—not to say specially the valley of its river Calycadnus, a district known to the ancients as Kitis—was famed for its breed of goats, from whose hair was woven the coarse cloth of which the Apostle Paul made tents. The picture suggests at once the Greek stem *tragos*, a goat. The next character has been plausibly thought to be the *hitis*, a synonym for which, derived from *tem*, to cut, belonging to the same Greek tongue, would very fairly answer to the second half of Tarkutimne's name. Further than this it would be unsafe, perhaps, to go at present. But happily there can be no doubt that all in due time the two proper names on the disc will prove to be a no less infallible clue through the labyrinth of the Hittite hieroglyphical system than did the name of Ptolemy on the Rosetta Stone through that of the infinitely more complex Egyptian graphic mystery.

B. H. C.



SCHOOL BOARD SUMMONSES.—It is doubtful whether love of education or fear of the law is the chief consideration that impels the majority of the ignorant class of parents to send their children to the Board Schools in conformity with the terms of the Education Act. But, whatever the dominant motive may be, it is surely important that the enforcement of the conditions of the Act be made with tact and discrimination. Mr. Bridge, the magistrate sitting at Southwark, had occasion on Tuesday to remonstrate sharply with the School Board officials in this respect. It seems that, in case of fines not being at once paid, it has been customary to send a letter from the School Board authorities threatening those in arrears with distress and imprisonment. The right of the Board to send such communications was indignantly denied by Mr. Bridge, who at the same time gave his decided opinion against the legality of summonses being taken out against parents or guardians without the case being considered by at least two members of the School Board. It has been the rule hitherto for one member to hear cases of this kind, and for another member to sign the authorities for prosecution, *en bloc*. It was very emphatically pointed out that this mode of procedure tended to make the School Board unnecessarily unpopular with the class which it is most desirable should be taught to look on its action as friendly.

A JUROR'S GRIEVANCE.—The complaints of jurymen generally receive very little attention, doubtless because they are often of a frivolous and fantastic nature. But frequently the time of jurors is shamefully and unnecessarily wasted. A jurymen complained the other day at Deptford that he and his fellow-jurymen had been summoned to attend an inquest simply because a poor labourer's wife had been unable to pay 3s. 6d. for a certificate of death to the

doctor, whose assistant had attended her child during its illness. It was shown in evidence that the child had clearly died from natural causes; but, because the fee had not been forthcoming to the medical man, the certificate of death was refused and the inquest held. Medical men are not as a rule overpaid for their labours; but if they only received the jurymen's reward at inquests—a shilling—"Gentlemen, the county is indebted to you"—after tedious and frequently unnecessary sittings, the number of needless inquests might be diminished, and the time of jurymen and medical men would certainly be economised.

LORD CHIEF BARON.—No appointment to this office has yet been announced. The *Law Times*, writing on the subject, urges that the Common Law Divisions of the High Court should be brought under one President, the Lord Chief Justice of England; and recommends, on economical grounds, the sweeping away of the two Chief Justiceships—the offices of Lord Chief Baron and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

POLLUTION OF THE THAMES.—The Thames Conservancy brought the Corporation of Windsor before the magistrates at the Berkshire Petty Sessions a day or two ago for permitting offensive and injurious matter to flow into the stream at Old Windsor. A sample of the liquid coming from the outfall conduit on 14th June last had been analysed by the Thames Conservancy analyst, and showed no indication of having been treated by any purification process, and, according to the evidence of the analyst, was calculated very seriously to contaminate the river. It was explained, on behalf of the Corporation, that sewage works costing 42,000*l.* were in course of construction, and would be finished in a fortnight, and that the occurrence should on that account be excused. The magistrates fined the Corporation 5*l.*, allowing one-half only of the costs.

LONDON MILK.—A milk-carrier, being entrusted with the delivery of a can containing eight quarts of milk, was detected in the act of adding to that no less than twenty quarts of water. He received a sentence of two months' hard labour. Dairy owners who keep as sharp a look out on their carriers as the prosecutor did in this case will have the sympathy and approbation of the public.

SOCIAL REFORM OF THE BIRMINGHAM PATTERN.—It may be somewhat humiliating, but it is nevertheless true that, as regards much that affects the public health and the everyday comfort of the people, London might derive much advantage by going to school in the provinces—Birmingham, for example. In our metropolis we are just waking up to reforms that in the Hardware City are almost venerable institutions. Of late Londoners have been pluming themselves on the adoption in a few select spots of the hydrant system for the extinguishing of fires. At Birmingham, in all parts of the town and for miles out into the suburbs, the small iron shield inscribed "hydrant" and affixed to the wall is as familiar to the pedestrian as are the lamp-posts. In London in our crowded thoroughfares locomotion is rendered doubly difficult by the contrary streams of passengers coming into constant collision. In Birmingham—and there is no more densely thronged town in England—every lamp-post bears a conspicuous little tablet, "Keep to the right," and, obeying the simple direction, jostling and confusion is avoided. Half-a-dozen years since those useful establishments known as "Coffee Taverns" were unknown in London; for twice that number of years Birmingham has adopted them, and, comparatively speaking, the town is three times better off in this respect than within our Lord Mayor's domain. On the other hand, and for the benefit of the really moderate-drinking working man, Birmingham has found out a way of producing a wonderfully cheap malt liquor, and at half-a-dozen different public-houses "prime Burton ale" is placarded at twopence-halfpenny a quart. It is, of course, thin ale, but there can be no doubt of there being malt and hops at the bottom of it, and it is palatable, and largely patronised. Further to enumerate the social advantages of Birmingham, the tramcars are all drawn by three horses instead of two, with another one, making four, for hill work. Again, the tram and omnibus proprietors have judiciously taken a leaf out of the railway company's books, and run special early morning vehicles for workmen, "loading up" at the starting station and running through without stoppage to a given point, some three or four miles, at the rate of less than a halfpenny a mile. There was a time when "Brammagem" was used as a disparaging equivalent for Birmingham, and was looked on as synonymous with sleight-of-hand and sham. As regards its many sanitary and social arrangements it would be well for Londoners if all theirs were as solid, real, and satisfactory.

THE TEMPLE BAR "MEMORIAL."—However prevalent may be the doubts and dismal forebodings respecting the Temple Bar Memorial, there is at least one individual who is unflinchingly in favour of it. This is Mr. Bedford, the Chairman of the City Lands Committee. At a common Council meeting, a few days since, when asked by a member present whether there was any truth in the rumour that the structure in question would cost 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.*, and whether the Court had sanctioned the expenditure of such a sum, Mr. Bedford replied that he could not state exactly what the cost would be, but he should think about half the sum mentioned; "but, whatever the expense might be, the Court had already sanctioned it." With this feature of the question, however, the general public will not very much trouble themselves. Their concern is—To what extent will the said "memorial and refuge" interfere with the realisation of their hope that with the abolition of the ugly old Bar would be swept away every impediment to free passage between the Strand and Fleet Street. In his defence of the costly erection, the Chairman of the City Lands Committee maintained that it would not interfere with the traffic "in the slightest possible degree." But, with due respect for this gentleman's superior judgment, it is difficult to understand that, with a roadway width of, say, thirty-seven feet, every inch of which is requisite for vehicular accommodation, it is nothing lost to erect a block over five feet wide in the middle of it. But Mr. Bedford makes out his case in this way. With no impediment, there is plenty of room for four vehicles—two each way—but not enough for five, and that since it is highly probable wrong-headed cabmen and carters would be always trying to squeeze their conveyances in at this inadequate fifth, to the utter confusion and stoppage of the other carriages, it is an advantage rather than otherwise to deprive them of such a primary bone of contention, by making it plainly manifest that there is room for two vans, or cabs, or omnibuses abreast either way, and no more. And, to a certain extent, the argument is not unreasonable. The worst of it is, there are other vehicles besides cabs and omnibuses. The seventeen-foot space on either side of the memorial may be enough for two of that class of carriage, but what as to the six-foot wide railway vans, the loads of which project sometimes eighteen inches, or even two feet, over the side rails? "Pantehnicon" vans, too, and brewers' drays, with the overlapping barrels? When the old Bar stood, and the available space on each side of the supporting timbers was eight feet four, there was occasionally a block for lack of width, and twice 8 feet 4 inches leaves little to spare out of 17 feet 2 inches.

RAILWAY ENGINES IN KATTYWAR, in the Bombay Presidency, are defied by some of the more ignorant natives. Thus at Limri a potter who had long been ill vowed certain offerings to the "engine god" if he would cure him. Soon after the potter recovered, and he duly offered a cocoa-nut to the engine, much to the edification, and probably the refreshment of guard and driver.

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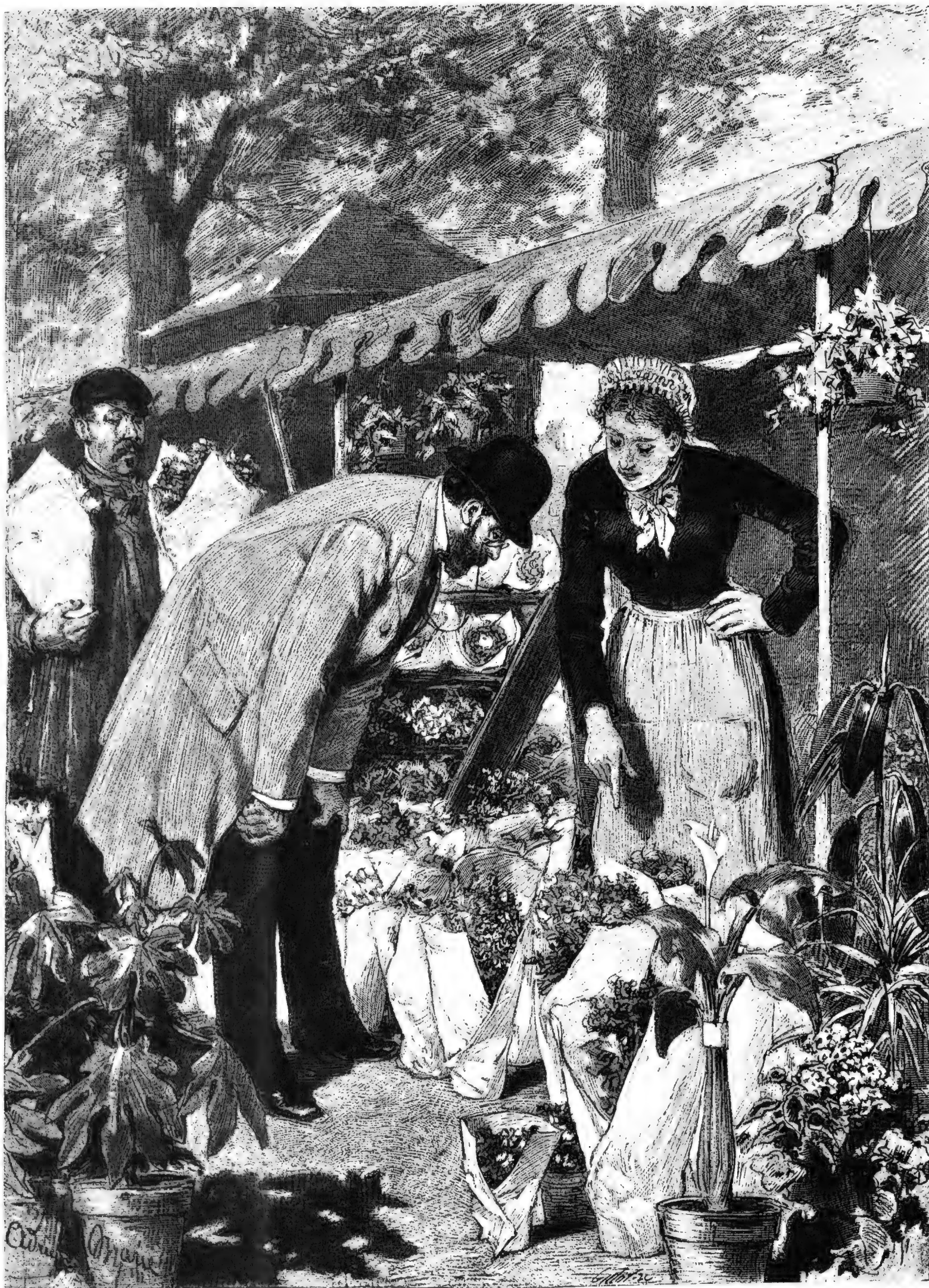
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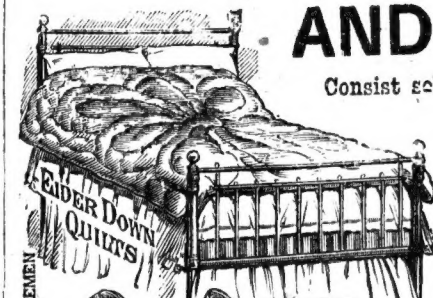


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